



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 7

November 2019

**A Selection of Adventures
in This Issue**
A Delivery Trip Through Memories – Out of Gloucester
White Swans, Gray Sheep and Grandtully Rapids
Thoughts on 'Last Tack...' – The View from Almost Canada
Sea Stories & Tall Tales – On the Essex Clamflats



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 37 – Number 7
November 2019



US subscription price is \$40 for one year, Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

For the past few issues I've been including a couple of pages of news from our US Coast Guard (see pages 30 and 31 in this issue). A regular Coast Guard online newsletter started turning up here unbidden and as I got into it I found it to be quite interesting. It brings an assortment of news about our Coast Guard at work, not just search and rescue efforts but also news of interdicting immigrants seeking illegal entry to our shores, of catching drug runners in fancy fast semi-submarine craft, of shutting down unlicensed tour boat operators, lots different aspects to their work.

Of most interest to me, and I thought perhaps to you, was their search and rescue stories. A lot of different ways exist, it seems, for one to get into trouble afloat, resulting in turning to others (most often the Coast Guard) for help. Sometimes these are real unanticipated emergencies but too often they are the result of plain stupidity, lack of skills or knowledge about how the ocean works.

What is really impressive is the array of equipment the Coast Guard has at the ready to come to the rescue of the unfortunates. They have a whole fleet of small stuff called Response Boats in graduated sizes to meet conditions. They have several different models of helicopters as well as multi engine fixed wing aircraft ready to fly to the rescue. Their aircrews even get to do rescues inshore it seems in inaccessible terrain close to the coast.

Sometime the whole array goes to work, response boats rushing to sea, helicopters sweeping large areas looking for signs of the missing, the bigger fixed wing craft hovering near a craft in trouble to guide the surface craft to the action. Contemplating all this I considered what this all must cost, even a

simple inshore rescue of a swamped outboard or capsized day sailer. Really big money. Who pays the bill?

I assume it is paid by that portion of our federal taxes that finds its way into the Coast Guard budget. We do this ashore in our communities with fire and rescue and police paid for by our local taxes, but even with the rather exotic array of equipment these land based services now have acquired to assist them, their rescue work doesn't come close to what it costs to rescue someone in trouble on the ocean.

Yes, obviously we should rescue those in need and the Coast Guard stands ready to do so. They have established a communications network to alert private individuals who may happen to be nearby the incident to assist as "Good Samaritans," often at some financial cost to themselves as well at times with some personal risk. We do not later read in reports of the incidents of those rescued contributing to the cost. Perhaps they do, I'd like to hear so if so.

One particularly egregious example took place a few years ago when a competitor in one of those round the world solo sailing races was in big trouble in the Southern Ocean hundreds of miles east of New Zealand. After being rescued at great cost and risk by New Zealand rescue services (including volunteers) the skipper later wrote a book, which sold successfully. It was later reported that none of the money he earned was passed on to those who rescued him. There was no legal requirement that he do so but one would think that he might have spared a bit to those to whom he probably owed his life. It would undoubtedly have been invested in bettering their rescue service's ability to rescue the next guy.

On the Cover...

Here's a closeup view of Mystic Seaport's Schooner *Brilliant* as she swept past our little Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Chebacco pinky schooner *Lewis B. Story* in the parade of sail at the annual Gloucester (Massachusetts) end of summer Waterfront Festival, the highlight of which is the schooner races, a lingering vestige of the glory days when Nova Scotia sent its famed *Bluenose* schooners to Gloucester to take on the local schoonermen. That swoopy looking boom seemed to be coming close aboard us as *Brilliant* overtook us, but it missed. I was along for the ride in the *Story* and have a few photos for you on pages 8 and 9.



Harkening Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

*Images by Harvey Petersiel
On the Essex Clam Flats*



You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Celebrating 50 Years in Business

Gougeon Brothers, Inc is celebrating our 50th anniversary in business this year and we want to thank our loyal epoxy customers for sticking (and coating and laminating and casting) with us! It is because of your loyalty and continued support we are able to celebrate such a wonderful milestone. Thanks again for all of your continued support and confidence from all of us here at Gougeon Brothers, Inc.



A Match Made in Heaven

This is a boat that Wally built and never used, so I arranged a trade to get it up to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, so it could hang out on the outer banks with Johnny Mac. It was a match made in heaven, the perfect boat for that area. I have no idea how he got the horses to pose for a boat shot but I wouldn't put anything past John

Dave Lucas, Bradenton, FL



News from the Beetle Shop

With our 100th Anniversary fast approaching in 2021, Bill Womack is busy planning events and new merchandise to celebrate this huge milestone. In our 98th year, we continue to see strong support from the Beetle Cat community, with all our new Beetle Cats being bought by longtime Beetle Cat sailors who are trading in their 40-50+ year old boats for new ones. It is always a wonderful sight to see the grandparents, parents, kids and grandkids in the Beetle Cats keeping the tradition going.

We have had a steady stream of filmmakers and photographers at the shop. Black Pearl Productions is producing a series of short videos highlighting south coast small businesses and we were recommended to them by our friends at Southcoast Almanac. They are aiming to capture small businesses with unique skills and special stores to share in the south coast community. They spent a few hours at the shop interviewing Bill Womack, one day shooting at the shop and the resulting short video is truly impressive. It really captures the art of wooden boat-building and the allure of the Beetle Cat.

Michelle Buoniconto, Wareham, MA

Small Boats As Art

Today I was down at Belle Isle Boat Yard, here in Winthrop, practicing for the Oct 14 Cape Ann Plein Air "Quick Draw." Two hours to complete the drawing and a half hour to frame the completed piece and give to the judges.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA



Information Needed...

Replacing a Lost Centerboard

We need some help in replacing a lost centerboard for a 1988 17' Molly catboat built by Fernandes Boatworks in Richmond California. The boat is in great shape but the centerboard apparently dropped off during the previous ownership. This can't be the only time such a problem has come up.

We are looking for plans that would provide appropriate material and dimensions or, in the absence of any such plans, some guidance on the best way to go about making one. Any help or further contacts will be greatly appreciated.

We've been catboat owners and lovers out here in SF Bay since 1980.

Dave Hirzel and Alice Cochran, david.hirzel1950@gmail.com

Obituary...

Charlie Burnham Passes

Charles A. Burnham, 84, husband of Maria Piraino Burnham, passed away on September 19, 2019, after a long illness. He was the son of Essex natives, Harold A. Burnham and Ardelle Low Burnham. He spent many happy childhood summers in Essex boating and clamming on the Essex River before settling in Essex in 1961. He worked as a medical engineer and physicist at Massachusetts General Hospital (MGH) but his avocation was building and sailing wooden boats, a tradition in the Burnham family.

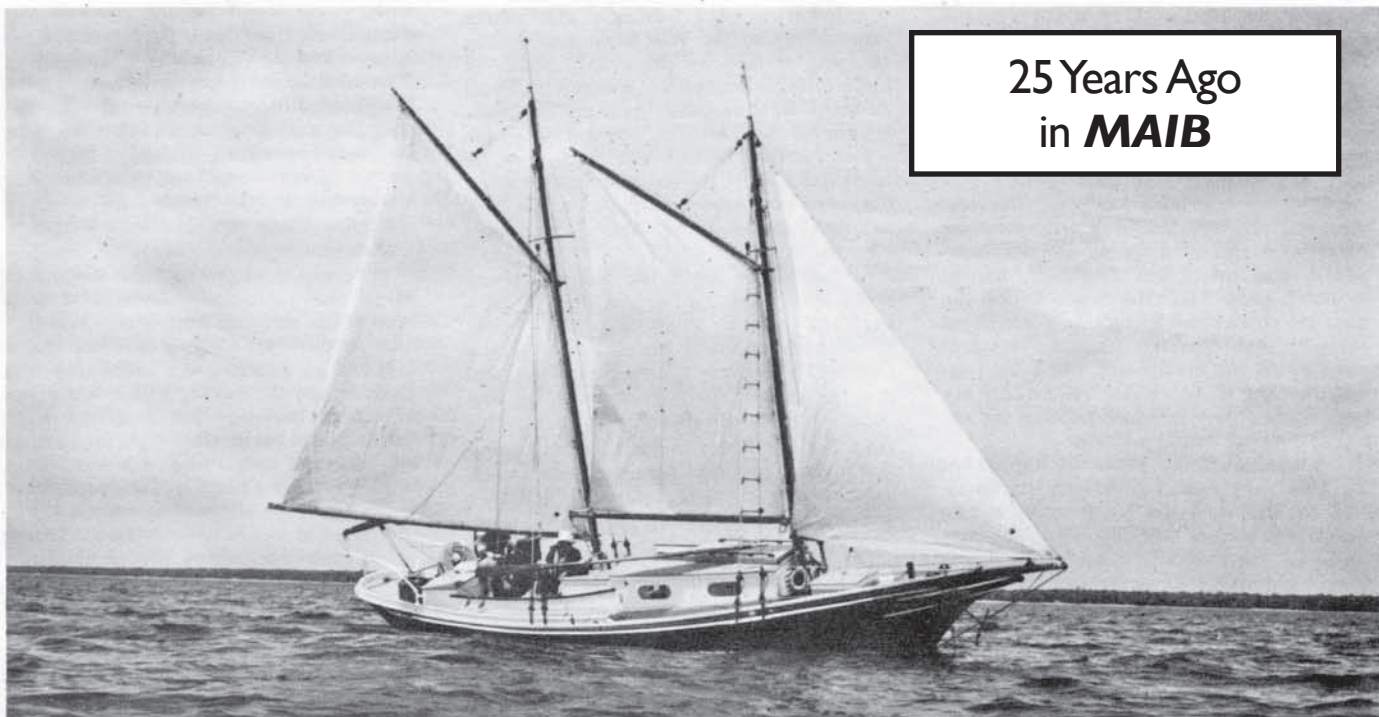
Charles was an active member of the Friendship Sloop Society. With his family he sailed his sloop *Resolute* to vacation in Maine each summer. Charles loved the Town of Essex and was active in town affairs, including serving on several different town boards and committees over the years. He also served as President of the Essex Historical Society and was one of the founders of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

More recently, Charles taught a boat building class at the museum's Waterline Center. Upon completion of their newly built boats, he and his student friends sailed from Essex up the Saugus River and donated the boats to the Saugus Iron Works National Historic Site.

Charles passed on his love of boating and boat building to his children and grandchildren. He is survived by his wife Maria and their children, Deborah Burnham of Los Angeles, California, Harold Burnham of Essex and Theodore Burnham of Hamilton and grandchildren Alden, Perry, Charles and Jane Burnham.

Charles was educated at Wentworth Institute and Northeastern University. He worked in the Radiology Research Laboratories at MGH, making significant contributions to the development of PET imaging technology. For 40 years Charles rode the MBTA commuter rail from Manchester to Boston making many lifelong friends.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



I had been half heartedly trying to sell my beloved schooner, *Mary Ann*. Some of you may remember reading about her in the May 1st and May 15th, 1992 issues of *Messing About in Boats* magazine. I was asking \$18,000 for the 23 year old, 28' sharpie and half hoping I wouldn't sell her. I wanted my youngest son, Johnnie, to have her, as he was the only sailor in the family. I was overjoyed when he told me he would like to buy her. Immediately the price came down to \$12,000 and he could name the terms of payment. He said he would take her. I then got thinking about how long it would take him to pay for her and the price came down to \$10,000. After all, how long can an 81 year old codger expect to live?

I determined to give her the best paint and varnish job she has had since she was built. The summers are short where Johnnie lives in the Upper Peninsula and I didn't want him to have to paint other than the bottom for three or four years. I put four coats on the topsides and deck and three coats on the cabin and rails. The Sitka spruce masts I wooded down and gave three coats of epoxy and three coats of varnish. This wood was cut before World War II, but still looks like new, without a flaw.

When Johnnie came after her I had her all ready to go, except provisioning and bending on the foresail. Jerry Bakke volunteered to go with us, so we would be able to keep two on deck at all times. This boat will sail a straight course with no one at the wheel, so I did not want to risk the boat sailing away from one who might accidentally slip overboard. As a further precaution, John Young loaned us two sets of harnesses, and I had one, to use in bad weather. I used to be a devil may care sailor, but not any more. My wife needs me alive.

The last time I used the 7-1/2hp auxiliary long shaft motor that resides in a well, I was heading for White Lake to a Classic Boat Show with Art Plewka, who

A Delivery Trip Through Memories

The Schooner *Mary Ann* Goes North

By Richard Schaab

was chairing the show, and my nephew, David Schaab, who makes charts for the navy. We got about 1/4 mile on our way when the motor stopped. The water pump had quit. I was glad I had gotten a new pump then instead of having it happen now. We were about the same distance on our way now when the motor sputtered and died. It started and stopped repeatedly. We suspected water in the gas, so we changed tanks. After a couple tries it began to run smoothly and never gave us a bit of trouble the rest of the way. We bought some additive treatment later, but never hooked up that tank again.

It was a four mile run to the channel and we bent on the foresail and jib on the way. John Young was on the channel wall taking pictures of us as we motored through. We got up full sail outside, but the wind was light out of the South as we headed North on a course of 338° T. We elected to sail a compass course in order to check the deviation where we could make land falls port to port. It was a 7" box compass in a home-made lighted binnacle on the wheel pedestal. We made good land falls all the way.

As we left Muskegon we talked about shipwrecks we had known. I had crossed Lake Michigan many times, once in a 40 foot sloop to Chicago going to the start of the Chicago Mackinac Island Race. The *Romahajo* was owned by Harvey Nedéau, the husband of my wife's aunt. It was rough and I broke a rib on the way across. I didn't

tell anyone, as I didn't want Harvey to feel responsible and I didn't want the rest of the crew to know how stupid I was, so I invented an excuse to go home on the bus after we reached Chicago. Harvey had enough crew for the race anyway.

Of the many times I crossed the lake as a crew member on the steamer *Nevada* I can't remember a time when it wasn't rough. I only sailed one fall. That is the stormy season on the Lakes. I believe it was 1933. One day, heading for Milwaukee the wind was northwest and the seas were so high I was ordered off the bow deck by the mate where I was watching one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. The three masted schooner *Atlantic* was crossing our bow under all of her lowers. I could see why she still held the trans-Atlantic record of 12 days, 4 hours and some minutes. The way she took those big waves at high speed was magnificent. The *Nevada* was lost in the north Atlantic during World War II.

I told the boys about the remains of a lumber schooner that I had seen just north of the breakwater a couple times when the waves had washed the sand off her, and Jerry told us that they had just discovered another schooner a little ways from there. The lake shore is practically lined with wrecks that mostly occurred in the fall. Michigan alone has a shoreline longer than the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. It covers 2,242 miles plus 870 miles of island coasts. Conditions for shipping on the Great Lakes are much safer now than they were in the early years because of more refined equipment, but the storms are the same. During the year 1871, for example 1,167 disasters were reported. The year I was born, 1913, one storm produced steep breaking waves of 30 to 60 feet with 60 to 80 mile per hour winds that broke apart and sank 19 major ships, claimed more than 250 lives, and demolished countless small craft.

The space across the entrance to the breakwaters at Muskegon is about 400',

but this can look mighty narrow to the helmsman when coming in from the Big Lake in a storm. The bow of a long vessel can be caught in an unpredictable cross current and miss the channel, as happened to the whaleback freighter *Henry Cort* November 30, 1934. Her body still lies under water on the north wall of the breakwater. Only one life was lost. The rest managed to fight their way ashore on the rocky wall. One of those who saved themselves was the Chief Engineer, named Rosie. I knew him. His name belied the man. He was a close friend of my Sea Scout skipper, Bob Stribley. Another steamer piled up on the breakwater, but I don't remember her name. That was before my time. I remember steamers holding off entering the port during a storm.

I remember the storm of September 26, 1930 very well. I rowed my 16' modified sharpie skiff the 1-1/8 miles across the lake to school that day. The wind was broad off the bow in the southwest and it took 45 minutes to cover the distance I normally rowed in 12 to 15 minutes. The waves were coming into the boat, but I could not stop to bail because I would be blown far off course. I had a good 6" of water in the boat when I made it across. After school the wind had veered northwest and I didn't attempt to row back. I had no money, but I knew the bus driver, Kelley, would trust me.

During the afternoon the schooner, *Our Son*, which carried pulp wood into Muskegon regularly, foundered and sank in the middle of the lake at the latitude of Pentwater. Of interest is that Joseph Sadony, editor of the *Mears News*, and known as a clairvoyant, was standing on the Michigan shore with two other men. Sadony saw the schooner, about 30 miles away and described to his companions what was happening. The sails were in shreds and she was wallowing in merciless seas as high as 50'. He sensed a cigar shaped ship coming to the rescue. What really happened is that Captain Charles A. Mohr, a friend of Sadony's, was proceed-

Jerry and Johnnie enjoying the trip.

ing down the Lake Michigan side of the lake instead of the Wisconsin side, where the ship would be protected. South of Ludington he headed for Wisconsin. About 20 miles west he came upon the *Our Son*. He circled the schooner, pouring oil on the water. He then brought the ship's bow up to the lee side of the schooner and rescued the seven man crew one by one as the bow and rail came together. About 45 minutes later the schooner sank.

That same night the barge *Salvor* broke away from its tug and piled up on a bar off shore from Pioneer Park, Muskegon, about 5 miles north of the channel. The crew climbed into the rigging to escape the waves sweeping the deck. They lashed themselves to the rigging. Six men froze to death in the rigging that night. The Coast Guard couldn't reach them until morning. Harvey Nedeau's brother, Lyman, a young man at the time, survived. I don't remember if there were any other survivors. The steamer *North Shore* also foundered in this storm, but I don't remember the details.

Most of the Great Lakes storms are from September to December, at the end of the shipping season, but some are in summer, like the time Johnnie and I survived the capsizing under bare poles of the Sea Scout Schooner, *Norseman*. We think this was a tornado or water spout, but it was too dark to tell at night. We were held down for about ten minutes and then the schooner righted herself. Another time Harvey Nedeau was driven into Charlevoix Harbor by a 60 mile an hour line squall. The mainsail was jammed so they couldn't get it down before the wind. The bridge was not opening fast enough, so Harvey came about within the channel, barely missing both walls. Another time the bridge lowered too quickly and demolished his rig. Harvey gave me his heavy cotton mainsail, which I cut into sails for the *Mary Ann*. She now has a beautiful set of dacron sails by Mathew. Harvey got a new rig from the state.

We had left our mooring in Muskegon

at 10:07am Monday, June 19, with thunderstorms in the weather reports. As we approached White Lake, thunderstorms were still in the forecast but south of us. We decided to keep going north. Pentwater was the next port about 30 miles away. Ludington was only 12 miles further and we would save some time by cutting across a wide bay. By the time we got around little point Sable we decided to head for Ludington.

I told the boys about the storm I survived in White Lake shortly after my brother Lee returned from World War II. He had gotten brave during the War and decided to go with me. We sailed into White Lake on my 22' cutter, with a nasty looking storm brewing. We anchored off the White Lake yacht club with two anchors and plenty of scope. Then Lee said,

"Give me a blanket. I'll sleep ashore."

"You'll get all wet," I countered.

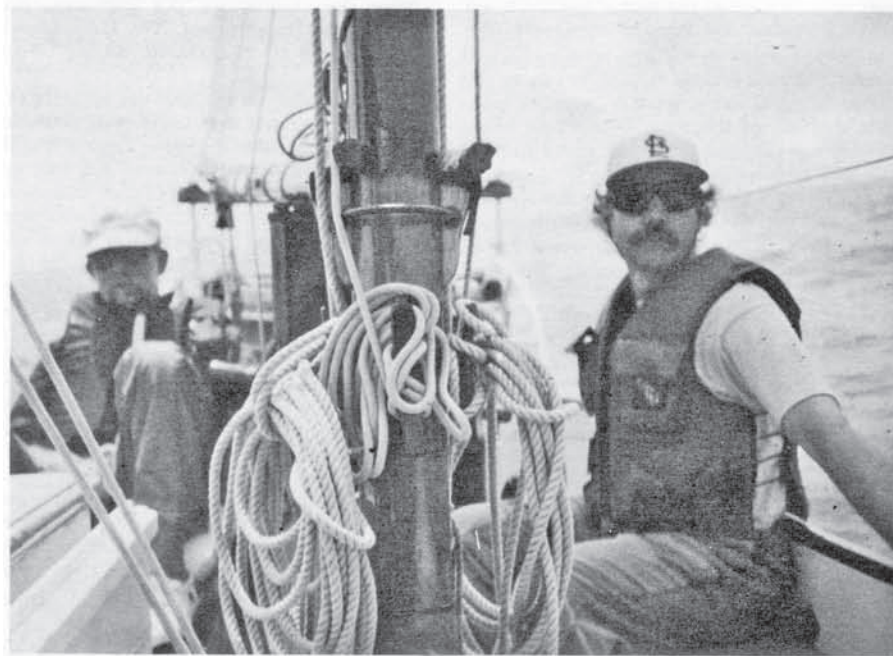
"Not as wet as if I stay on the boat!"

I took him ashore with a blanket. In the morning I looked out and mine was the only boat still at anchor. The rest had pulled up their moorings and went ashore. Many were turned over. I found out later that Lee had been driven home by a good Samaritan.

Beyond White Lake it had gotten foggy and cooler. It was a high fog. We could see the beach, but not the tops of the dunes. We stayed close to shore, passing Stony Lake at 4:10 and Little Point Sable light at 5:20, with the fog clearing off. It was good sailing. At 7:20 we were off Pentwater, running wing and wing. Weather being still good, we proceeded on toward Ludington. We had to run further out in the lake to avoid the fish barrier net at Consumer's Power pumping station south of Ludington. This station pumps water up to a huge basin on a high hill during low load periods and runs it back through turbines for peak requirements. The net seemed more than a mile long. At 10:00 P.M. we tied up at the Ludington Municipal Marina.

At 8:55 AM we cast off bound for Frankfort 54 miles away. The wind was fresh against us, so we had to power with reefed mainsail set flat and close to steady us. By the time we had bucked the wind for several miles to Big Point Sable we decided to cross the lake, keeping as far north in the process as the wind would let us under sail. At 10:20 we set a course of 305°T for Keewaunee, Wisconsin, under jib, main, and motor. At 11:15, with the wind dropping we went to full main, foresail, and jib, and changed course to 310°T. At 12:30 we were in a flat calm, motoring. The weather was sunny and cool. We could still see the Michigan shoreline, which was high. The lake became like a sea of undulating glass. Never before have I seen the lake so calm in the middle. Johnnie took advantage of the calm to climb to the top of the foremast on the ratlines. He straightened out and refastened the 1/32 stainless steel wire that ran a couple inches above the main stay to discourage birds from sitting on the main stay and leaving their calling cards on the deck. I would like to have taken his picture, but I was steering and didn't want to disturb Jerry to find my camera.

At 6:45 we altered course to 300° steering toward a water tower at Algoma.



That name reminded me of a steamer that piled up on Isle Royal in Lake Superior on November 7, 1885. Her and two sister ships had been built in Scotland and cut in two to get them through the canals of the St. Lawrence and the Welland Canal. She was 270' long, 38' beam, and depth of 23'. She was a steamer carrying some sail. November 6 she was running westward under full sail and power at 16 knots before a north east gale. She was heading for Thunder Bay. In the vicinity of Isle Royal the Captain decided to take in his sails, but both sails and lines were frozen so hard that the crew had to struggle for a half hour to get them in. He then decided to stay out in the Lake rather than chance the run into the harbor. The storm was so bad that he could not see to go in. He gave the order to come about, which was a good decision, but it came too late. As she began to swing the storm caught her and tossed her stern onto a huge rock.

In a short time she was rendered unmanageable. Fearing that the front half would break off and sink in the deeper water, Captain Moore ordered all hands aft. The front half did break off, probably where she had been welded together after passage of the locks. Eventually 14 were saved, including the badly injured captain, but 37 were lost. To read about this and many other ship wrecks, I recommend reading *Shipwrecks of the Lakes*, *Lore of the Lakes*, and *Memories of the Lakes*, by Dana Thomas Bowen.

At 9:30 P.M. we tied up at Algoma Municipal Pier. Algoma is an interesting old town with streets running in many directions. I spent about an hour and a half trying to call my wife from an outdoor phone booth to let her know we safely crossed the lake. I finally gave up when I decided the phone must have accidentally been left off the hook. I called another number about midnight and got my son-in-law, Jim Sikkenga. He said he would try for another hour or so. I finally got to her in the morning. She later told me she had decided not to worry when she thought of how Jesus calmed the waters when Peter woke him in the midst of a tempest. Our Parish Priest told me he would pray for us, but I wondered where was his faith when he later told me he worried about us. The weather was bad in Muskegon. They got four inches of rain, but even that was a Godsend, as it saved the crops.

We left Algoma at 9:30am under power for a leisurely cruise up the coast to Washington Island. About abreast of the entrance to Sturgeon Bay we got the sails up and shut off the engine. We began moving along rather smartly and John decided he would like to take some pictures. We launched the dinghy and jibed about to sail past John. Then we jibed again and sailed past on the windward side of John, then jibed and came to a halt with him under our lee and picked him up. Jerry commented that it would be a good maneuver to pick up a man overboard. Jerry was steering and I directed him. I told him that is how I learned the maneuver.

While proceeding along the coast we watched, through the glasses, some skin divers exploring caves along the shoreline. We came to the Detroit Island Pass considerably inside of the Outer Shoal Light, as our schooner is shallow draft,

and headed for Pilot Island light house on a small island surrounded by rocks. We went close to take pictures, as it was very picturesque. We saw rocks passing by under our keel and headed for deeper water. Past Detroit Island we found the Ferry Boat Channel into Washington Island and a marina. The time was about 8:30 and everything was locked up. We ran in to an empty slip.

In the morning it was raining, but we had only about 30 miles to go, so we had breakfast and spent some time in the restaurant. At about 11:00am it quit raining and at 11:25 we left Caps Landing on Washington Island. The ferries, which had slept all night were busy now. One of them that passed us had a bus on it. Thunderstorms were still located further south.

We proceeded along Green Bay side of Washington Island under full sail and motor with a light east wind. We stayed close to shore to enjoy the scenery. The steep bluffs indicated that the water was deep. We left the island by Boyer Bluff Light House, heading for the Minneapolis Shoal Light House, which was 82' high. The course was 343°T. Escanaba was now in sight. At 4:47pm we docked at the marina in Escanaba at the dock that John had

rented for the season. John called his wife Marsha, and while we were waiting for her to drive the 65 miles from Marquette, Jerry and I went to see the nearby marine museum. When Marsha arrived we took our Swedish kerosene stove ashore and cooked a picnic dinner.

We stayed overnight at Johnnie's and the next day enjoyed some of the sights, including another marine museum. One of these museums has a birch bark canoe built by a friend of Hiawatha. I didn't know that Hiawatha was any more than a legend and a character in a long poem by Longfellow.

My middle son, Jimmie and his wife, Linda arrived that evening towing the boat's trailer and cradle. We took it to Gwinn, where Johnnie owns a trailer with a living and bedroom addition that John is thinking of converting to a winter home for the schooner.

We drove home to Muskegon the next day, over 400 miles by land and 200 miles by water. I look down at the empty mooring across from our home and have a lot of mixed feelings. I miss the schooner, but I'm glad Johnnie has her. He is a good sailor and navigator, and I'm sure he will enjoy her and care for her. I will probably be building another small boat soon.



At Caps Landing, Johnnie and I, with only 30 miles to go.

messing about in BOATS



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Schooner Time in Gloucester The Parade of Sail

By Bob Hicks

The end of summer each year finds schooners large and small gathered in the historic fishing port of Gloucester, Massachusetts, for their annual race, part of the city's annual Waterfront Festival. The glory days of the contest between the real fishing schooners of yesteryear, Nova Scotia's *Bluenose* and the annual local Gloucester choice, are long gone, but a faint aura of those times lingers on. The races are hard to take in being held offshore beyond the harbor breakwater, but the pre race arrivals and a Parade of Sail around the harbor offer a closer glimpse of the participating boats.

This year I was invited aboard the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's pinky schooner, the *Lewis B. Story*, to take in the parade up close. There

was enough wind to move the boats on their extended loop around the outer harbor past the beaches and nearby shore lined with crowds of onlookers but not so much as to drench us with spray. The *Story* was something of a midget among the more stately big boats but was an ideal location from which to view those big boats up close underway.

After several laps around the harbor amongst a somewhat disorderly fleet we noted many now headed out towards the Eastern Point light and beyond, headed for the afternoon's racing site, so the *Story* returned to the dock to offload its supercargo and take on its racing crew before following the rest. My thanks to skipper Chris for taking me along.



Mystic Seaport's *Brilliant* sweeps past us with main boom barely clearing us.

The *Fame* (left) arriving from Beverly with a full load of spectators, is greeted by the Gloucester schooner *Thomas B. Lannon*. *Fame* is owned and skippered by Mike Rutstein, who also chronicles the activities of the tall ships community in his magazine, *Marlinspike*.



Columbia, the biggest of them all (up from Florida) with sails furled, and a tiny Gloucester harbor police launch escort under her transom to discourage any local show-off's getting in her way, an unfortunate occurrence in bygone years.

Gloucester's *Thomas B. Lannon* (white sails) and *Adventure* parade past our little pinky.





Our crew at work, Sriram, Skipper Susannah and Chelsea.



Museum Operations Administrator Chris, it's a tough job but someone has to do it.

Resurrecting the Chebacco Boat A Shipwright's Perspective

What Did Harold Burnham Discover About 17th and 18th Century Vessel Design?

Chebacco Parish of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was settled in 1634 and was incorporated into the Town of Essex in 1819. The boats, which were built in or fished out of Chebacco Parish, were known as Chebacco boats. The early Chebacco boats were probably shallops, similar to those brought over by the early settlers. Over time, Chebacco boats evolved to meet current conditions, needs and available materials as well as the eyes of their individual builders.

I designed and built the *Lewis H. Story* for the Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum in 1998 as a representative of the Chebacco boats and as a Museum flagship. As no models, plans or detailed drawings of Chebacco boats existed, developing her design was an interesting process.

With the expert consultation of renowned maritime historian Eric A.R. Ronnberg, Jr and many others, I carefully studied all I could about Chebacco boats, including the tools, techniques and materials Chebacco builders had available to them. I then put myself in their shoes. Combining what I had studied with my own life's experience building boats, sailing and fishing from their same element, I developed a boat that would effectively suit their needs, as well as those of the Museum.

Although I used some modern tools and techniques to build her, her scantlings and design are about what I figure I would have come up with if I had been using the methods of eye and axe. With the exception of her



locust trunnels, pine deck and spruce spars, she is built entirely of white oak. It should be noted that I picked much of her timber standing, including the spars and the natural crooks which fit the curvature of her hull. This wood was donated by Sheldon Pennoyer, Essex County Greenbelt and the Trustees of Reservations.

Some might note that, for her size, the *Story* is built extremely heavy. There is a reason for this, further than her burdensome

shape. My family's experience has taught me that boats in the Essex River spend at least half their time aground at low tide. So the *Story* is built not only to float, but to ground out and possibly point load with 10,000 pounds of cod kenched in her hold.

Looking over the *Story*, you will see that she has large thwartship hatches and "standing rooms." These are to allow the safety and convenience of handline fishing from inside the boat and are directly located beside the hatches at either end of the hold. The decks beside the standing rooms are at table height and the bow bulwarks are to contain fish on deck before they are split.

Because the *Story* was designed as much as a flagship as a fishing vessel, I located her forecabin bulkhead one station aft of where I would have put it otherwise. This allowed a larger accommodation space. Her aft fish hold is also enlarged in order to house her donated Yanmar marine Diesel engine.

As much as the *Story* represents what our ancestors could do, she represents as well what we can do today. She is the result of the efforts of many who committed their time, money and materials towards her construction. If there is one message I would like to give to everyone who looks the *Lewis H. Story* over, it is that she was built to spark their interest, not to answer their questions. In the words of the late William A. Baker, "Just how an early Chebacco boat looked is anyone's guess." The *Lewis H. Story* is mine.



Elevated above the head of a deep wharf slip, low flanked by a ship-chandler's shop to one side and a sail-maker's loft to another, commanding a fine view of the docks and harbor beneath, and of the bay beyond, perched up where nothing coming or going past Eastern Point will fail to be noticed, this is the lookout tower of the Great Eastern Fish Company of the port of Gloucester, which, be it known, is the first fish mart of our country. In the official bulletins of the company this place is known as the "Observatory", but in the every-day speech of the fishermen of Gloucester it is better and more fittingly described as the "Crow's Nest".

To attain this aerie it is needful to go round and round long flights of steps, that creak to your weight and sway in the wind as you climb. After you get there, you find a room of three flat walls and a rounded front, of which the rear, or west, side is blocked off by the staircase whereby you came. Coast charts, bank soundings, world maps, and magazine illustrations of a nautical and sporting nature are tacked to the wall on your left. On the wall at your right, the southerly, are several pairs of marine glasses, a long telescope, and an aneroid barometer, hung from nails driven here and there, wherever space is to be found among the relief models of what men know to be fast-sailing fishermen. A fresh varnished but much dented spar, an old topmast most likely, butts through the center of the ceiling and is braced to the floor.

The east side is all of glass. This is the side that opens on to a little quarter-deck balcony, and looks out to sea. This balcony may be entirely closed in by an arrangement of shutters that work over and down like companionway hatches, although you find out later that you have to climb to the upper deck by way of an outside rope ladder to make them work. In the center of one of the hatches, when you come to look, is a brass bound port-hole, plainly intended for stormy weather. A realistic bit of railing, really the taffrail of a fisherman wrecked off Thatch-

The Crow's Nest.



The "Crow's Nest."

OUT OF GLOUCESTER

BY
JAMES B. CONNOLLY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK:.....1905

From Reykjavik to Gloucester

er's, is there to guard the unwary, once over the low rail and you are down to the waters of the dock. There is a row of scuppers along the balcony's deck, and under the rail are a couple of cleats, to which are made fast the halyards that run to the flag at the masthead.

Only one chair is in this place, after the fashion of up-to-date fishermen, which always carry a hinged chair in the cabin for the skipper's use. This chair is for the lookout on duty. All others must sit on the lockers against the walls, or squat on the stair landing

at the rear, or content themselves with leaning over the stern of the quarter-deck. All this goes to make up the famous "Crow's Nest", of that abode of modern vikings, the fishing port of Gloucester.

It is the business of the look out on duty to take his station in front of the window and watch for incoming vessels. If it is a fine day, like this one, he will hoist the window sashes back to the pulleys, push forward his chair, and rest his feet on the rail. When he sights an inbound fisherman, he will identify her at the earliest possible moment, and make an immediate report of the same to the office.

Two men are paid for this work, each standing watch in his turn. Being keen of eye and acquainted with the minutest peculiarities of every schooner in the fleet, these men can name vessels at incredible distances. In some cases, where neither knowledge nor eyesight could possibly avail, they make marvelous guesses, for which they do not attempt to account. It may be a sixth sense that enables them to pick out and identify a vessel while she is yet but a blur in the haze to most of us.

Their business, as has been said, is to make early report of incoming vessels. They do that very well, and it is for this that they are paid; but their pleasure and their most arduous occupation lies in the absorbing art of conversation. In the skilful development of this faculty they are aided by a volunteer staff of regular callers, who much prefer to put in time in this congenial observatory than to attend to any fatiguing business that might arise to meet them were they to stroll incautiously along the wharves.

What subject might suggest itself to the council of Crow's Nest at any particular lull, no prophet could say with certainty; but on a day like this, a beautiful summer morning, with a gentle easterly sighing in over the rail, and the docks and the harbor below alive with the loading and outfitting of many seiners, it could not be very well get far away from the doings of the mackerel fleet.

Fourteen of the seining fleet were in, and this favorable easterly would be sure to bring in more. It had been an extraordinary season for the seiners. There was plenty of mackerel to be had, and they were bringing great prices. Stocks of three and four thousand dollars were getting common for vessels, and men no longer boasted of sharing anything under a hundred dollars for a short trip. It promised to be an unprecedented season altogether, and the watchers in the tower, when next they resumed the conversation, were disposed to rejoice.

"It's a good thing for Gloucester, it's a fine thing for the men," observed the lookout in the chair. "Won't be so many have to go to Georges or the big banks this winter to find grub and rent for the wife and children. Here's a lad coming in now, wait till I make sure with the glass, yes, the *Lucy Foster*. Bill, report the *Lucy Foster*, Captain Marrs, to the office, will you? Ten days he's been gone. This lad'll be glad enough for a good mackerel season, for he does hate haddockin' in winter. He went last winter and he says he's had enough of that kind of fishin'."

"Shouldn't think he'd have to, the money he's made, Petie."

"No he oughtn't to, but Wesley's been a spender. But this spring, before he went on the southern mackerel cruise, he gave it out that he was going to save. I don't know myself what's drivin' him, he's close-

mouthed enough for all he's so reckless some ways. But I wouldn't be surprised if he was stowin' away against getting married this fall. He's certainly piling up a stock and hustlin' as if he intended to have a little salvage to draw on when he made up his mind to stop ashore a winter and start housekeeping. And if he does get married, I s'pose that ends the *Lucy* for carryin' the broom. I don't expect we'll hear of any more piling on sail to see how much she can really stand up under, or layin' her over to see how far she'd go without capsizeing."

"Why?" put in one of those slow-witted ones, who must always have things explained in detail.

"Why?" why? snorted the man in the chair. "Did y'ever see any of the drivers keep it up long after getting married? Don't it tame the wildest of 'em when they get to thinkin' that p'raps the wife and children's waiting for them at the end of the trip?"

"Well, I dunno. I don't see as Archie Nichols slacked any since he got married."

"Archie Nichols? Good Lord! does he count? Married a no-use woman that' druv him to drink and worse things than he ever took up with before. Leave Archie out. And look at the others. There's Tommy Bolton now. What do his crew tell you about him now? Do you hear of him pullin' the spars out of his vessel since he settled down to a home of his own? Can't you see him any afternoon now between trips walking down Main Street abreast of his little woman and the latest fat baby on his arm?"

"Ever hear of Billy Simms in this year o' grace havin' to go to the railway 'bout every other trip or so to have the *Henry Clay Parker* overhauled for strained seams for'ard? I guess not. Nor Wesley Marrs, nowadays; and he's only engaged, at the worst, trying to see what he can do with the *Lucy* without getting her hove down. I guess not."

"I say, Peter," inserted a subtle one, who measured exactly the temper of the sage in the chair, and was eager to forward the psychological moment, "was Wesley Marrs such a devil for driving, after all?"

"Devil? He was all the devils, when it came to carrying sail. Now I was with him three years. My last trip, when I fell from the masthead in among the gurry kids and broke my kneecap, I was with Wesley Marrs in the *Lucy Foster*. I'm telling you this man'd spread the whole mains'l to a gale as quick as your wife or mine'd hang out a bed-sheet to the sun. When a sail went into the air, busted, Wesley used to follow it with his eyes and then say, surprised-like: 'Don't it beat hell, the rotten canvas they puts on vessels these days?'"

"You must have been with him, Peter, when that record run was made from Iceland, when the *Lucy* and the English yacht had their big race."

"Was I? Twenty-eight hundred miles, they call it, from Rikievik to Gloucester, and the *Lucy* came down in nine days and ten hours. That's going, people, for any vessel; but this one that time had her hold full of fletched halibut."

"What was it brought him along so fast?"

"Well, I guess wind had as much to do with it as anything. Just plain wind, out of the bosom of the North Atlantic, and p'raps a little, just a little, of Wesley Marrs drivin' her."

"Who beat?" interjected a voice that should never have been allowed to disturb the silence of this generally well-posted company.

The man in the chair looked around with much curiosity to discover the inquirer. It was a young fellow, plainly not long in Gloucester, one of those lads who so frequently come there to try fishing, and quite often make good fishermen, but who are sometimes a great trial to their friends while acquiring the rudiments.

"Who beat?" echoed Peter with scorn. "And when'd you get in and where'd you get your fish?"

"I say, Peter," put in the subtle questioner on whom devolved the duty of holding the story to its course, "were you there when the match was made?"

"Was I? Warn't the skipper and me and Joe Lane gittin' down to a little table over a glass, you don't stand up to a bar there, generally, and the skipper was pretty well pleased. You see he'd only bought out the Wild Irishman's half of the *Lucy* late that spring and this was his first trip. He paid \$5,000 cash for the Irishman's half, our firm owned the other half same as now.

"And the last thing the Irishman said when he signed the papers and took the money was: 'Now, Wesley, b'y, you're getting' a great vessel, fourteen thousand to build, but we'll say nothing of that. You're getting' a vessel that nothing of her tonnage anywhere can sail away from. While I owned her she was the jewel of the fleet. Don't let anything cross her bow, Wesley, b'y.' The Irishman went to the Pacific Coast that time to look up seals Behring Sea way.

"Well, Wesley was telling us about that very talk with the Irishman and saying how the *Lucy* could sail and everything like that. You know how he'd be likely to carry on talkin' 'bout his vessel. This swell-dressed Englishman was takin' it all in. We didn't know who he was, though we suspicioned he was English every time we looked at him. At last he mixes in. He says: "'Excuse me, but I gather you are fishermen up here for halibut?"

"'You're right,' says Wesley.

"'From the States?"

"'From America? Yes, from Gloucester,' says Wesley.

"'Ah, from Gloucester. Fine, able fishermen from there, I hear,' he kind of drawed his words out, 'hardy, courageous fine, able, seamen.'

"'And fine, able vessels,' says Wesley, warmin' up right away. We guessed easy enough what was in Wesley's mind. Somebody or other'd been writing stories 'bout Gloucester fishermen 'bout that time and putting them in the old style pinkies and square-ended tubs that was the fashion when some of your fathers and mine went to sea. I never yet went among strangers in any of the new vessels that they didn't seem to be surprised at the build of our vessels, and, of course, the *Lucy Foster* and a few others of that model struck 'em dumb.

"Anyway, to get along with the story, the Englishman was surprised to hear that the *Lucy* was a fisherman, he'd an eye for fine vessels, y'see, and had noticed her in the harbor. But he didn't know much about our kind of people and Wesley kind of explained somethings to him.

"Then the Englishman told his story. He owned the big schooner yacht, the all-white fellow with the varnished top rails and the yellow stripe along the run. We'd had an eye on her, by the way, and a handsome craft she was. This was his cruiser. He'd come the day before from some queer place on the coast of Norway and he didn't see anything in Riki-

evik to hold him. He was bound for America next by way of Boston, Newport, New York, Baltimore, and so on down, so's to be among the West Indies for the winter.

"Well, he was a pretty hot sport, this one, and you all know the kind of boy Wesley used to be when anybody spoke against his *Lucy*. They had an argument, back to the days of the old *America* and all that. Finally, they 'greed to race to Gloucester. The Englishman said he'd just as leave run into Gloucester so long as it was so handy to Boston.

"This Englishman was all right. He says about the money: 'Your word is sufficient for me, Captain. Men that look like you will pay up. If you lose you pay over a thousand dollars. If I lose, I pay over to you a thousand, to settle as soon as both boats get into Gloucester. And in the matter of time allowance, the *Bounding Billow*, you must have noticed, is half as big again as you are. She isn't loaded down like you, and I can afford to give it. She has never been beaten in ocean racing, by the way, and I am willing to give you time allowance for our larger measurement.'

"'To hell with time allowance,' says Wesley. 'When fishermen race, they all start together. And the first vessel home wins. You're a little longer and more beam and draught, let it go. And's for being loaded down, the *Lucy* could stow away half as many more halibut, and I wish she had it, the way halibut's been this summer. Don't worry about the *Lucy*. Those couple of hundred thousand of fletched halibut down below 'll just give her a grip on things, sort o' stiffen her up an keeping he from layin' over too much when it comes to blow, and it's coming to blow or I don't know. There'll be wind stirrin' before you or me see Eastern Point, and the vessel that's carry the sail'll be the lad for the trip.

"I tell you man, with all these September gales coming our way, you won't think you're yachting off Cowes. I hope your gear's been overhauled lately,' says Wesley, and with that they left to get things ready.

"There was a gentle gale stirrin' from the no'th'ard when we sailed out of Rikievik next day, Friday. Wesley liked the look o' things pretty well. We put out behind the Englishman, him under two-reefed mains'l and the *Lucy* under a single reef, two jibs and a whole fores'l, both of us. That was along about dark. Wesley didn't make any attempt to push the yacht, just laid to wind'ard of her. He did love to get to wind'ard of a vessel, lay off her quarter and watch her. And for most of the rest of that night, we stayed there so.

"When the sun ought to have been pretty near to showin' up again, Wesley says" 'Boys, I can't see but what the *Lucy's* holdin' her own, and I guess we'll wear off to the east'ard just a little. We might as well get out of sight of this fellow as quick as we can now. I've a notion, too, this breeze'll be coming from that quarter before a great while, an there's nothing the *Lucy* likes quite so well as to take it just a tri-fle slanting when it blows.'

"I don't know whether the *Bounding Billow* people saw us get away or not, p'raps they didn't care. Anyway, they didn't come after us. We sunk their port light down afore daylight, and by good sun-up there wasn't a sail of her in sight.

"Well, it didn't come to blow same's Wesley thought it would and, nacherly, he was roarin' 'round fine. We shook out the reef in the mains'l before noon-time of that first day, and later we set both tops'ls and that whoppin'

gauze balloon of the *Lucy's*. And she carried 'em easy, too. We warn't loafing altogether; we was makin' nine knots right straight along. But that wasn't pleasing Wesley.

"Next day and the next it was the same story, and part of the next day it was lighter yet. We hove the log, and got only eight knots for twenty-four hours hand-runnin'. Then, almost all at once, from a nice summer breeze it jumped to a gale. And it was a gale, one of those healthy, able zephyrs that makes up north there and gets a good runnin' start afore it tears things loose in the forties.

"Whoo-o-ish it whistled! A regular old buster of a no'theaster, whoo-o-ish! and Wesley dancin' on and off the break while he watched it comin' on. 'I'm thinkin', he says, 'we can stow some of those summer kites for a while. Might put the tops'ls in gaskets, boys, and that balloon in stops. We won't be likely to need them anymore this trip. This is the breeze I've been waiting for, struck in a little late, but it'll make up for lost time soon.'

"And it sure was making up for lost time. The mains'l pretty soon had to be tucked up, and on the next day tucked again. And before another day we had to take it in altogether, get the trys'l out of the hold and fit that on. Now you know it was blowing some when Wesley Marrs had the *Lucy* under a trys'l and a yachting fellow somewhere 'round racing him for a thousand dollars a side; and what was more, the name of the thing after they got into Gloucester.

"We went that way for thirty-odd hours, and Wesley was almost satisfied. 'Maybe,' says he, 'if this fine breeze holds, we'll make up for those yachtin' days in the fifties. What kind of weather, fellows, do you s'pose the *Boundin Billow* is making of it? Thinks she's now handling it like the *Lucy*, hay? I'd give something to know if she's carryin' a whole fores'l an both jibs right now. Boys,' he says, 'but this is fine weather. In forty-eight hours and this fine breeze holds, we'll be raisin' Thatcher's twin lights!' Wesley was mighty well satisfied with the way things was lookin' just then.

"That was Friday night late. After midnight it was, for I went on watch at twelve o'clock. I remember well Wesley and Murdie Greenlaw at the wheel when I came out of the cabin door to go for'ard. We was driving through it an she was layin' over. Man, but she was layin' over. I'll tell you how she was layin' over. That very afternoon it was Billie Henderson had walked along her weather run from her stern to her fore-rigging. You've heard of that trick, some of you. Yes sir, we had a line in him in case he slipped, that's the truth.

"Well, it must have been getting in toward one o'clock, for I was figuring on being called aft to take the wheel for my second hour; and then in one more hour a fellow could go below and dry off and have a good sleep. We were driving through it, two jibs, fores'l and trs'l. We had not seen the top of the port rail for more than two days; and this was one of those nights when the water gets full of phosphorus. It'd been a new moon gone down, and rain that morning, and you all know how the water fires after rain and a new moon. It was fair afire now. And the *Lucy*! She was leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another. We made a lane you could see for a cable length behind, and there was blue smoke, I swear, coming from each side.

"Her nose would poke under and we would get it all over. I had my elbow crooked in the fore-rigging so I wouldn't wash off.

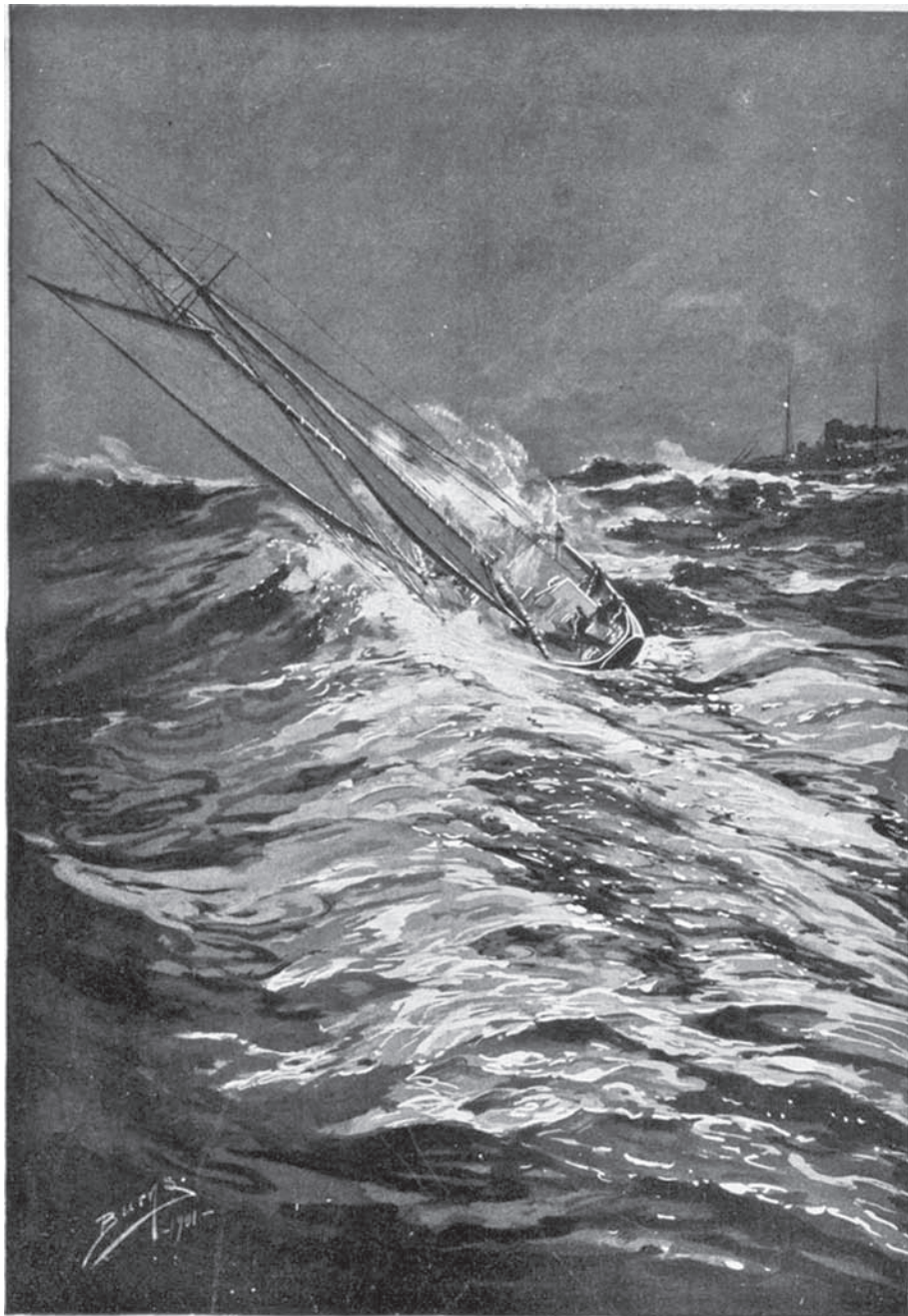
When she'd rise, she'd throw the water over her shoulder, and it'd run the whole length of her deck and race over the taffrail. That was only the spray, mind you. She was taking it over the rail all the time, besides, as if she had no rail at all. The skipper and Murdie at the wheel must've been pulp. Three or four others were in the waist, five or six men besides the skipper had to be on deck all the time. We was all in oilskins and red-jacks, of course, and we was all properly soaked.

"Well, we was whoopin' along; we'd just shot by some lumberin' old tramp steamer that was making awful bad weather of it, and somebody in the waist just called out, 'we're this far, anyway, thank the Lord.' The cook had his head out of the fo'c's'le gangway, when we saw the skipper jump into the main riggin' and look ahead, and then jump back on deck again as if he saw a ghost. He hollers:

Leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another.

" 'If there ain't the Englishman ahead and carryin' a two-reefed mains'l! A two reefed mains'l. And goin' like a liner! I'll be damned if I'll stand on the deck of the *Lucy Foster* and see the *Bounding Billow* beat her home. I'll bust the *Lucy's* spars, but I'll beat him. Bend on the stays'l. I guess the *Lucy* can carry as much sail as that window frame boat. Bend on that stays'l.'

"You can bet that shook the boys up. A stays'l! And her planks rattlin' then! Dan Ross, most of you know Dan, big Dan, that was lost on the *Fredonia* afterward, Dan was nearest me under the weather rail. He says, 'I'll fix that stays'l.' And he did fix her, as he thought. He yanks the halyards loose and they goes flying aloft, We could just make them out slinging between the fore and main rigging, like long devils, with the block on the end.



Leapin' from the top of one sea to the top of another.

"Dan hollers out: 'Stays'l halyard-ends loose and can't get hold of 'em, they're aloft.'
"The skipper says: 'Go after them.'

"Dan roars back: 'What do you take me for?'

" 'For a man,' hollers the skipper; 'but I guess I was mistaken.'

" 'Show me a man crazy enough to go after them,' says Dan.

" 'Here's one,' roars the skipper, and so help me, if he didn't start aloft. Blowing? My blessed soul, we needed cotton hooks to hang on by. The boys was curled up under the wind'ard rail with their fingers into the ring-bolts. And up went Wesley Marrs, to looward, mind you. And however he managed it, we couldn't half make out what he was doing up there, but he got hold of them.

"Down he comes with the ends fast around his waist. 'Here,' he says to Dan, 'take hold of that' He unwound about two fathom of it. 'That's one end of the stays'l halyards you run aloft a little while back. That snaps into the upper aft corner of the stays'l, so long as we got to make things plain to you. And this,' he gave him the other end, 'this is what you haul on. That plain enough? Then see if you can hang on to it so's better men than yourself won't have to go aloft in a gale to get them down again. Now then, up with that stays'll. Call all hands for 'ard there, cook, and call all hands aft there, Murdie, and up that stays'! Up with it.'

"And up she went. Such a slattin' afore we got her up! But she got there, and then! If she was leapin' before she was high-diving now. The water was firing like I was telling you, firing like an ocean of big diamonds and white sulphur mixed; and there was that blue smoke you could almost smell coming out from both sides of her wake. If I'd had a knife handy, you'd have seen that stays'l go into the sky. But I didn't have a knife, nor nobody else on deck, and all we could

do was to hope we'd get to walk down Main Street just once again, and swearin' we'd never ship another trip with that crazy Wesley Marrs, so long's we lived again. Yes, sir, that was an awful run home. We carried our stays'l past the Point. And that's the same *Lucy* and the same Wesley Marrs coming in the dock there now."

"And what happened to the *Bounding Billow*? Did you pass her?"

"The *Bounding Billow*? Hell, no. We got in Monday morning at five o'clock. There wasn't any *Bounding Billow* in sight that night, just one of them ghost dreams of Wesley's. The Englishman didn't get along till about the middle of the week."

"And what did he have to say?"

"The Englishman? Oh, that was funny too, but hold up a second and see what that telephone wants, one of you."

"It's the office, Petie. They want to know what Captain Marrs got."

"Oh, all right. He'll make it fast and be up the wharf in a minute, tell them. He's getting ready to step ashore now."

It was a man of medium height and easy swing who came up the dock with half his crew in tow. He had the sunburned skin of a healthy boy and vigorous jaw of a man of action. He spat out tobacco-juice as he rolled along, but his teeth showed white and unconquerable when he grinned up at the look-out. It was the voice of a moderate blow, a summer gale at play, that answered the hail from the Crow's Nest.

"Hulloh, Peter," it roared. "Any signs of fish up there boy?"

"Hulloh, skipper. What you got?"

"Four hundred barrels."

"Good. Where'd you get 'em?"

"Off Monhegan mostly. One school off Middle Bank on the way down. All medium schools. How's the market?"

"Fourteen and a quarter to-day."

"Good. Report me to the office, will you, four hundred barrels. Come along down, Peter, and wash the gurry out of your throat. Tell 'em all up there to come."

"In a minute. Here Johnnie", Peter lit on a boy of tender years, a boy of an age that ordinarily would not have been allowed to breathe this smokey atmosphere, but in this case a boy who was sometimes suffered to skirt the edge of the blessed circle because of his tractable ways and certain useful connections. He was a purveyor of supplies and a nephew of the firm, a willing boy and not too obtrusive.

"Here, Johnnie, telephone the office that the *Lucy Foster* hails for four hundred barrels, small schools and fine fish, and take charge while we're gone. We'll be at the Anchorage if anything heaves in sight. But make sure before you disturb us; don't get worried about any coasters or yachts, mind. Do a good job now, and I'll tell your uncle about you, and maybe someday he'll let you have a vessel of your own. Come along fellows, and p'r'aps we can get it out of Wesley himself just what the Englishman did say after he got in and found the *Lucy* there three days before him. And p'r'aps we c'n get a word out of him 'bout his marriage, if it is coming off this fall."

And down the winding stairs the chief look-out and his staff worked their way. It was tack and jibe until they reached the street below; then it was wear off and a straight run of it, in the wake of Wesley to the Anchorage.

Up in the Crow's Nest the flag went to the mast-head for the *Lucy Foster*, arrived with four hundred barrels of fine mackerel. And Johnnie, a born hero worshipper, looked out to sea for incoming fishermen, bravely singing all the while:

"I'll bust her spars,"

Says Wesley Marrs,

"But I'll beat the *Bounding Billow*."



"Look, there's a swan," Grant exclaimed. "The Queen owns all the swans in the United Kingdom. It is treason to kill one." Among her many titles, the Queen is the "seigneur (a woman of rank) of swans." The title dates from medieval times as the bird denotes class, wealth and status. The swan law still stands, along with a centuries old tradition, "Swan Uppings," whereas volunteers conduct an annual census of all of these regal birds on the Thames. As I watched from my canoe, the swan glided on the blue water in the company of ducks. I instantly looked upon this swan sighting as a favorable omen.

It was a sunny October 2018 morning as Grant, my sternman and guide, and I in the front seat, embarked on a five day canoeing expedition on Loch Tay and River Tay in the Scottish Highlands. We had just put in on the River Dochart, a tributary, at the village of Killin at the western end of Loch Tay. The scene was incredibly peaceful.

As Grant and I paddled our first few strokes, breathing the fresh air and watching the canoe bow creasing through the water ahead, I felt an overwhelming sense of exhilaration stimulating my mind. I had left the land behind with all its worrisome burdens and problems. Once on the water I became accountable to no one.

Grant, the head guide of the Beyond Adventure outfit, and I had become friends the year before, canoeing the River Spey, from the Highlands to the North Sea. His profession, more accurately his hobby, had taken him all over the United Kingdom and Europe. He is a robust man, probably in his late 30s or early 40s and, in his own words, "adventurous, laid back and passionate."



Notwithstanding his worldwide canoeing adventures, Grant, my intrepid guide, loves his home, River Tay, as much as the first day he ever paddled it.

I have enjoyed canoeing for 70 years, even though I had not been born with a paddle in my hand. I anticipate every trip. It's like being a little kid again, about to relish an ice cream cone. No matter where I have traveled, whether in Maine, eastern Canada, the Arctic, the Southwest deserts or Scotland, I always look ahead with the forward thrust of the canoe toward the horizon. One does not have to look back in this sport.

We were outfitted with a red Hōu canoe, manufactured in England, a worthy competitor to an American made Old Town canoe. I have always preferred a red canoe over any other color. While a green canoe blends in with the forests along the banks, a red canoe would ease ground and aerial searches given the

White Swans, Gray Sheep and Grandtully Rapids Canoeing Scotland's Loch Tay and River Tay

By Richard E. Winslow III
(Dedicated to the Scottish Canoe Association, promoter of all paddlesports on lochs, rivers, and firths)

unfortunate case of a lost paddler. And equally important (unless they are color blind), hunters do not generally fire at red canoes.



"Made in the United Kingdom!" Forget the import tax and the American Old Town competition. English manufactured Hōu canoes measure up proudly to rival their foreign counterparts.

In stride with an easy paddling rhythm, we soon entered Loch Tay, a magnificent body of water 15 miles long and one mile across. With a depth of 500' that statistic meant, for our purposes, no irksome boulder fields. Also to our advantage, Loch Tay is a completely open expanse of water without shallow pinched narrows.

Looking to the north, I glanced at Ben Lawers, a mountain ridge extending along the distant shore of the loch. The highest summit is almost 4,000' high, tempting enough for hikers, but we were not climbing today.



Ben Lawers, the Scottish mountain range, rises majestically above Loch Tay. Along with water sports, this recreational paradise affords top notch hiking and climbing opportunities.

"The loch is full of landlocked salmon, pike and trout," Grant said. The fish were spared from intimidating hooks as we encountered no boats or anglers all day long.

Once beyond an island, we soon encountered a rain shower. Typical of the fickle Scottish weather patterns, the drops lasted but a few minutes and then stopped.

As I reached for my rain gear, the episode was over. I re-zipped my daypack. The sun had hazily reappeared.

After lunch on shore we continued on to a take out at a farm three quarters of the way up the loch. Ellie, our Beyond Adventure van driver, was waiting for us. A red haired, energetic, lively woman in her 20s, she has fully embraced the canoeing/kayaking lifestyle. In college she majored in recreation. During winters she works at a hotel/restaurant and always waits impatiently for the coming of spring, anxious to resume paddling.

She was full of stories. "Once when I was driving the shuttle van," she said, "I passed two bikers. Later on they were reported missing. A search party was organized to look for them on all the back roads. The rescuers finally found the lost bikers and, where else, drinking in a pub in Kenmore, a village at the eastern end of the loch."

So much for roughing it! Home for me that night, and indeed, for the rest of the trip, was not a tent at a campsite, but at Fernbank, a bed and breakfast in Aberfeldy, just east of Kenmore on the River Tay. Jason and Tina, the Fernbank proprietors, are members of the extended Beyond Adventure family. Jason is, as well, part owner of this outfit and a guide himself. We talked at length about future trips I might take.



Smoothing it, not roughing it. Many Scottish canoe trips feature lodging at local bed and breakfasts along the route. A soaking hot tub bath feels so good at the end of the paddling day.



"There is only one place left in Scotland," he said, "which could be classified as wilderness. Up in the Northwest Highlands, we have a canoe and climb six day trip."

I checked a map. The expedition would explore Loch Veyatie and Loch Sionasgvaig in the mountains, a most remote, seldom seen place. Once there, without the luxury of

B&Bs, a party engages in “wild camping,” as it is called in Scotland. This practice refers to creating one’s own campsite at a random take what you can find field, pasture or forest.

At Fernbank, I met and talked with other guests, a number of them kayakers and canoeists, Fernbank being a regular meeting place for outdoor people. At the breakfast table I conversed with Robin, a kayaker who had gladly escaped hemmed in Edinburgh.

The next morning Grant and I put in at the identical place we had taken the previous afternoon. Our luck held with another beautiful day.

Canoeing is not limited to head or tail winds. Canoeing is also sightseeing. “There’s a university club retreat,” Grant said, “with a lodge and full of boats in a marina.” A few minutes later, “That’s a commercial salmon farm enterprise for raising fish. The attendants are now shooting food pellets into the air from a gun to fall into these enclosed tanks. Later on the salmon will be moved to ocean pens to grow to maturity.”

Ahead I noticed a peak shaped wooden structure resting on stilts and jutting out over the water. “That is a crannog,” Grant explained, “a house built for defense on an artificial foundation. These family dwellings date back to the Bronze Age, thousands of years ago. What we are looking at is a modern replica.”



If you plan to sleep or live here, you are thousands of years too late. A “crannog,” the traditional wooden home for Bronze Age inhabitants, appears nowadays as a museum replica.

We soon reached Kenmore Bridge, spanning the River Tay at the outlet of the loch. Dating from 1774, this stone structure is still in use today, upgraded with subsequent repairs and maintenance for today’s vehicular traffic. “At one time,” Grant said, “it was a toll bridge.” We paddled under the highest arch with cars and trucks rolling over the bridge above us. We paid no toll. The new born river swept ahead with ripples. We landed at a public park on river left for lunch, sharing the grassy lawn, but not our food, with scores of quacking ducks.

After lunch we walked over to the bridge to explore the resort village of Kenmore. “That’s the Kenmore Hotel,” Grant said, “the oldest hotel in Scotland.”

Being a historian, I could not resist a quick visit to the place. Established in 1572, the hotel embodies Scottish history. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert honeymooned there. Bobby Burns, another guest, wrote a poem exulting the beauty of Kenmore in a room now known as the Poet’s Bar.

So much for being a tourist, we had work to do. Ahead was the challenge of River Tay with its many rapids. Some 117 miles long, the longest river in Scotland, the Tay eventually empties into the Firth of Tay on the North Sea.

Grant and I had not been underway more than a minute when we picked up the hard charging headwater. “The Chinese Bridge is ahead,” Grant said, yelling over the roaring of the rapids. “It’s a Class II sweep underneath with boulders strewn around. Dumps occur here.”

There in front of me was a decorative humped Chinese style footbridge. “It’s condemned,” Grant shouted, “and not used anymore.” This run amounted to a double danger. Above was the old rickety bridge which may well have collapsed on us, while below boulders were poised to wreck our canoe. We both pumped our paddles and shot through safely as the decrepit structure held mercifully intact for at least a few moments more to allow for our escape. The excitement for the day was over.



Planning a forthcoming trip certainly beats studying for exams. A high school group eagerly anticipates its three day paddle on Loch Tay.



Time to sing “Scotland the Brave,” the unofficial national anthem, to bolster one’s courage. As we paddle under the condemned Chinese Bridge, we risk this rickety structure collapsing upon us.

The next morning, in sunlight, Grant and I arrived back at the gravel beach shore at Kenmore. We would repeat the last half of yesterday’s paddle and continue on. A totally new situation was at hand. Grant would be kayaking today, coaching two people new to our party. I was paired with Ellie in the lone canoe.

The two kayakers wanted to scout the river in advance in preparation for a club race competition a week or so away. For them, this reconnaissance was almost essential. Frances, one of the kayakers, is an athletic lady probably in her late 40s. “I am a birder and wildlife photographer,” she told me. “I’ve been to Sanibel, Florida, the site of the Ding Darling National Wildlife Reserve. I have also traveled in the Everglades.”



Misquoting Karl Marx, “Canoeists and kayakers unite, you have nothing to lose except your paddles!” Kayaker Frances is sufficiently limbered up for her descent of River Tay.

We were not alone. There, on a bench sloping down to the beach, I saw a group of high school students. The boys and the girls were checking over their equipment and conversing among themselves. Their faces exuded an eager, wide awake feeling as they anticipated their canoeing adventure.

I thought of them not only as canoeists, but also as the future leaders of Scotland. This new generation is ready to buck any headwind which may blow against them.

I spotted a man in his 30s suited up in style. He had to be their head guide. I approached him. “We have a party of 16,” he said, “and will be on the loch for three days.”

I have experienced these chance meetings with a new party any number of times during my canoeing career. I very much wanted to linger a little longer and compare stories. But that was not to be as our group was ready to hit the water. I turned to leave, probably never to see these student expeditioners ever again. Bon voyage!

Let’s go! Jump into the canoe! Hop into the kayak! Grab the paddle! Dig deep into the water! Once underway, we paddled under the stable Kenmore and still standing Chinese Bridges.

Frances is an excellent kayaker. But on a deceptive curve she dumped near the bank. She stood up in the shallow water, not hurt, only embarrassed. Quickly sliding back into her cockpit, she laughed off the incident. She won’t make the same mistake next time.

As we proceeded on we saw groups of other kayakers on shore, perhaps preparing for the same race event.

Soon I heard a roar ahead, the noise increasing as we pushed forward. I sensed instantly it had to be Grandtully Rapids. I harbored no allusions about what to expect, having researched all the facts well in advance before I had ever left home.

What was Grant going to do, to run it or not to run it? He did not inform our party ahead of time what his plans might be. I had full faith that Grant would make the sensible decision. My guess rang true. We hugged river right closely and took out at a portage path.

Depending upon the water level, Grandtully Rapids is classified as either a Class II or a Class III run. There are four sections, Top Falls, Middle Rapids, the Boat Breaker, taking its obvious name from a big rock in river center, and finally Fourth Falls.

Running Grandtully has been fraught with at least one tragedy. On April 7, 2010, Simon Fletcher, a 19-year-old youth, died here when he was trapped in his canoe under a rock. Rescue efforts included a Royal Navy search, supported by a helicopter. Police encountered the most adverse conditions, the river swollen by heavy rains and melting snow which made recovery of the body extremely difficult. As a result of this accident, the Grandtully Premier Double Canoeing Competition was cancelled. The organizers announced the decision to halt the event, "as a mark of respect to family, friends and club."

Once up the portage trail hill and onto level ground, I walked out into a park like recreational area. A spacious parking lot was filled with cars, vans and trailers. The Scottish Canoe Association owns and operates a campground here. From this safe vantage point, 20 or more people were craning their necks to watch the action below. Curious as I am, I stepped up to the front myself. From an outdoor deck above the swirling water, the best view of all was strategically reserved for the guests of the Inn on the River Tay.

There he was! (Or it may have been a lady.) Partially obscured by mist created by water thrashing against rocks, a lone kayaker was attempting to vault upstream through slalom poles. Dig. Pull. Bounce. Pump. Up and down he pitched, flailing his arms to reach the crest. In a final brute force effort, he spilled over the top into calmer water. Within seconds, he churned upstream out of sight. What a show! If he had lost his paddle or dumped he would have instantly been swept downstream to a rock garden. He obviously had a secret pact with the devil.



Don't get confused. These slalom poles are for canoeists and kayakers, not for skiers. Grandtully Rapids ranks as a highly sought-after Class Three rapids challenge for paddlers.

The next morning, Sunday, was a day of rest for Grant and Ellie and hopefully they are church goers. Roger joined me as my canoeing partner for the day. A family man with three children, Roger was in his 50s and physically fit. He wisely chose to put in below Fourth Falls where the river mellows.

We spoke of our mutual love of canoeing. "I am the Regional Development Manager of the Scottish Canoe Association," he said. "We have 3,000 members and 3,500 affiliated members, many of them coaches. One of our canoeists (Jon Schofield) was an Olympic champion."

Our conversation soon drifted to other champions. "I've always been a fan of Jackie Stewart, the great Formula One Grand Prix auto racing driver," I said. "I saw Jackie race twice at Watkins Glen, New York, during the 1960s." The press nicknamed him "The Flying Scot." A popular, well liked sports hero, Jackie's career was most successful. After retirement, Stewart was knighted as "Sir Jackie." He remains today, arguably the most famous living Scotsman.

I once read that at the zenith of his career a newspaper reporter asked him, "Jackie, why don't you retire? You have accomplished everything one could possibly hope to achieve in this sport."

Jackie well knew, along with the general public, the dangers of auto racing. Despite the risk, he was determined not to quit. "It's so hard to give this up," Jackie responded. The racing world had been very good to him, the fame, the adulation, to say nothing of the financial reward.

Stewart's comment rings true for canoeing, and indeed for all sports and hobbies. Spurred by one's pride and self esteem, the craving, the urge to continue is always there, regardless of age, health and/or ability. One finds it so hard to give it up, holding on as long as one can.

"Jackie is still very active in motor car circles," Roger said. "He has his own automobile dealership, and throws a banquet every year for his customers. My father bought one of his cars, attended the dinner, met and talked with him." That is not the last of the story, Roger's clincher being, "One of my sons is majoring in engineering and hopes upon graduation to join a Grand Prix racing team."

Once underway, we enjoyed a most enjoyable paddle, past farms, woods and pastures. It was lunchtime. We walked up a slanted path to gain a level field. Nearby a flock of sheep were grazing, the river serving

effectively as a watery boundary fence so that they would not wander off to end up in someone else's pasture.



Future wool coats on the hoof. Sheep graze peacefully in a pasture above the River Tay as if the scene were set two centuries ago in a Bobby Burns poem.

The sheep paid no attention to us. We, likewise, were totally at ease, being very careful, however, to where we sat down with dried dung everywhere. I enjoyed this special place just as much as any Arctic wilderness setting.

The next day, Monday, would conclude my Scottish canoeing sojourn. I was reunited with Grant, both of us just as excited as the first day we had put in. I recalled a comment made to me by a State of Maine fishing guide some years ago. "If you are paid to go fishing," the guide said, "then you know you have a great job." Grant embraced canoeing with the same "can't wait to get back on the river" passion.

The river soon began to meander gently back and forth. I have always been intrigued by the word "meander," originating from the river which gives its name to winding loops, the Meander River.

I shall probably never paddle the fabled Meander River in Asia Minor, now modern Turkey. Celebrated by Homer, this river eventually flows into the Aegean Sea. During ancient times the Greeks, in their primitive boats, utilized the Meander as a trade route. There on the Tay, I was spiritually back with the Greek boatmen as we both anticipated the next bend, awaiting what we might encounter on the other side, a pleasant surprise or otherwise.

As we rounded one corner created by the meander, geese and ducks appeared on shore by the score. They honked loudly and flapped their wings. Four white swans, close together, were living in harmony with other birds.

I was angered to learn that, the year before one swan on the Tay had been found badly wounded with an arrow through its body. The sadistic would be assassin has never been apprehended for this heinous act of treason against the crown. The story ends happily. Veterinarians restored the royal bird to health and released it back home to the Tay wilds.

We always swung in a wide arc to stay clear of the fishermen. They were out in force, some casting from the banks, others venturing out in hip boots and a few in boats. World famous as a salmon stream, the Tay beckons anglers from every corner of the globe.



Taut lines or bust! On perhaps one of the most famous salmon streams in the world, a fisherman revels in his hobby. Whatever station he may have in life, he becomes an instant millionaire with his first cast.

"There are two approaches to looking at this," Grant said. "One theory is that the canoeists ruin the fishing if they paddle too close. Others say it stirs them up and they begin biting."

In time, we landed on river right for lunch. By pre arrangement, Grant and I met up with several kayakers, accompanied by two Beyond Adventure guides. I had a happy reunion with Ellie. Robin was also there.

"She and the others," Grant said, "are students today, training to become certified guides. If they pass all the tests and are proficient in their skills, they will be qualified to work as professionals for clients."

After lunch Grant and I donned crash helmets for the run ahead. "You'll get splashed," Grant said. The two of us left first. The white-water accelerated. An old mill came into view as we flashed by. The building has since been converted into a museum. In its heyday the mill harnessed the water power to operate the factory. I spotted the stumps of long abandoned concrete pillars, the remnants of a dam. We skirted these hazards. Splashes on my face and hands amounted to an acceptable trade off, avoiding a long arduous portage. The ride was exciting, half-exhilaration, half fear. The grand finale was over.

Our expedition on the River Tay ended at exactly the right place, stopping well short of the city of Perth downstream. There we would have encountered concrete embankments, coupled with the tidewater flow from the Firth of Tay. Floods occur there. It would stand to reason that few, if any, swans would want to live there, and if they did, it would be under protest, amidst the noise, the clutter, and the congestion of civilization. The honking there is not from swans, ducks, and geese, but from the incessant loud beeping horns of impatient car, van, bus and truck drivers.

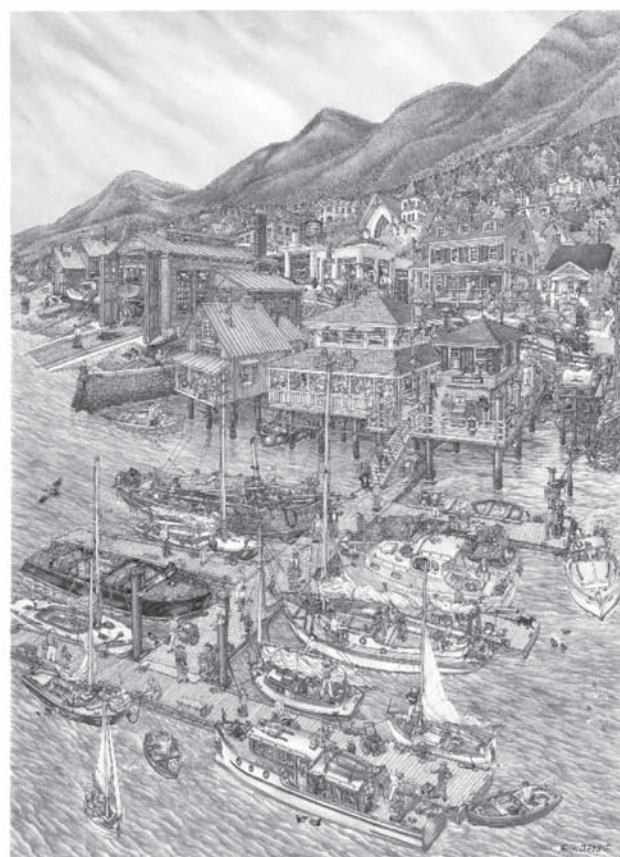
If canoeists and kayakers seek peace and quiet, they will readily find this freedom on Loch Tay and River Tay. The swans provide great companionship. It is so hard to give up such a beautiful place.



Practical Information

A favorite for canoeists and kayakers, this standard trip should present but moderate difficulty for do it yourself paddlers with the exception of, of course, Grandtully Rapids. One can avoid this obstacle by a well worn portage path. In case of an emergency, roads parallel to this watery route provide easy access to medical clinics. Go and have a great time!

For an excellent outfitter with 20 years' experience contact: Beyond Adventure, Riverside, Aberfeldy, Scotland, United Kingdom PH12EB, Email: email@beyondadventure.co.uk



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Thoughts on 'Last Tack...'

by Roy Downes

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Last Tack at the Needles, by Richard Gooderick, has been discussed at length over the years, but Roy's analysis is the best I've read. His knowledge of the waters around the Isle of Wight, married to his skills and experience as a dinghy cruiser and racer, means that he can provide us with a masterly evaluation of what happened.

That is not all. Like all good critiques, it resonates beyond its immediate subject. It blows a bracing sea breeze through some of the issues we have to contemplate while trying to cruise safely in dinghies. Had *Last Tack* never been written, the substance of this article would still have been beneficial for all who aspire to do just that. It should be required reading on joining the Dinghy Cruising Association. Published in DCA B182, Spring 2004, three issues after 'Last Tack...', this is the first time they have appeared together –Ed

A PART FROM A LETTER from Ted Jones about suitable clothing, does the total silence which followed the publication of Richard Gooderick's innocently titled *Last Tack before the Needles* mean that we have all been too horror-struck to comment, or have most readers either skipped or missed what is arguably one of the most significant features ever to appear in the Bulletin?

Congratulations to Richard for going public on what was definitely a 'worst case scenario' situation (except that it wasn't a scenario – it was for real) and describing a near fatal capsize in the Needles Channel in Force 5–6. All of us who sail small open centreboard boats should be asking how and indeed whether we could cope with a similar situation. Richard's succinct summary of observations and recommendations deserves wider comment and analysis. What is not so certain is whether Richard and his crew should be congratulated for undertaking a circumnavigation of the Wight given the forecast weather – and thus fairly predictable sea conditions.

The Needles Channel is only three quarters of a mile wide at its narrowest and is the focal choke point for the full force of the Solent tides (not for nothing is one particular area known ominously as The Trap).

For readers who are not familiar



Roy's National 18 *Surprise* with her highly developed battened lug rig

with these sailing waters, the tidal streams can attain 5+ knots on a spring ebb and a 'mere' 3 knots at neaps. With any wind blowing against this ebb a remarkably unpleasant sea will develop very quickly. Richard says it was about Force 5 possibly 6. That's quite

enough to give even keel boat sailors something to think about. There have been occasions when the Yarmouth lifeboat, on service out in the English Channel, has opted to return right around the Wight (70 miles as a lifeboat goes) rather than face the Needles

Channel.

Richard's comment about soon being able to bear away to run off down to St Catherines Point (another area of strong tidal streams) fails to mention or predict how the Wayfarer would cope with the heavy overfalls there, which the pilot books describe as being as bad as Portland in strong or gale force winds.

Running in a heavy, confused and potentially unpredictable sea in a small open boat is not the most enjoyable or safest point of sailing, especially if you've been up since 04.30 and have had a four-hour beat in 20 knots of wind.

As a sailor in and from the Solent from 1949 until 1983, in boats ranging from 12ft to 12 tons, and latterly for 10 years in a National 18 (*Surprise*), aboard which my wife and I completed a circumnavigation of the Wight, I can identify closely with the conditions that Richard describes.

Like the Wayfarer, the modern 18s are from Ian Proctor's drawing board and in many respects are similar – though bigger and more stable – but share the same fundamental disadvantage in the location of onboard stowage. In *Surprise* our stowage for gear was in capacious bow and stern tanks (just like the Wayfarer) which kept everything dry but at the significant expense of boat performance.

The worst possible place to put any weight in a boat (any boat) is in the bow and/or stern. We actually drove *Surprise* under, like a submarine, in Force 6 off Salcombe, because the bow tank was so full of cruising gear that she would not lift to the waves. Thankfully we surfaced, upright and with the rig intact – having just stopped half a ton of boat, gear and nervous crew, all of which had been travelling at about 1000 feet per minute. This alarming experience forced me to completely redesign the interior layout of the boat to bring the main stowage as close to amidships as possible. For the owner of a strictly one-design Wayfarer, rebuilding the boat is not an option. Designers and owners of today's racing boats go



Roxanne was a major influence in Roy's decision to turn his National 18 racer into an extremely fast lugger. In fact Nigel Irens helped him to decide on some arcane matters like the best sheeting angles for a modern, fully battened lugsail. Roy's 'How I did it' article in *Dinghy Cruising* runs to nine pages (DC219). It would have been shorter without a shaggy dog story and the odd joke... nevertheless, it is an exemplar for clear technical writing on a complex subject in an amateur magazine, whether or not you are interested in turning the humble lugsail into a weapon of choice. I can still provide it as a pdf for members –Ed

to great efforts to keep the ends as light as possible.

Weight in the bow has a twofold disadvantage: it reduces freeboard where it is most needed and prevents the bow being buoyant (light) enough to lift to oncoming seas. Weight in the stern is quite literally a drag, as it will immerse the transom below its designed level and prevent it lifting to a following sea. Overall, the designed displacement is altered adversely with corresponding

handling and performance penalties. A boat loaded like this will tend to 'hobby-horse' through the waves. Crucially it will be much slower to tack and we should not lose sight of the fact that a buoyancy tank is only a buoyancy benefit when it is full of air. Every cubic foot of cruising gear stuffed into a buoyancy tank reduces the potential lift.

Weight in a boat should be concentrated as close as possible to amidships and crew weight should

be effectively a homogenous mass. How often have we seen a small boat with the skipper in the stern and crew well forward? The message is, get your act together. Watch the racing crews. Take all your cruising gear out of the bow and stern and restow it amidships and your boat will handle far better. Put a drysack or two on your Christmas wish list or try the military surplus stores for the industrial-sized watertight flare stowage tubs. Or carry less gear: think 'backpack' rather than 'floating caravan'.

Uffa Fox's famous dictum 'Weight is only useful in a steamroller' (though he might have reasonably added, '...or hanging over the weather gunwale') should be permanently engraved on our minds.

Richard's Wayfarer had three adult men as crew, quite sufficient to drive the boat in the prevailing conditions but of course they were carrying all their overnight and dry gear and an outboard and fuel – and presumably the usual anchor/warps and paddles, etc, so the boat could not be described as being exactly in racing trim. Although he does not specifically say so, it is probably a fair assumption to bet that most of the gear was in the bow and stern tanks.

Modern racing boats (yachts and dinghies) tend to pare their gear weight down to the absolute minimum and then beef up the strength only if it fails. This won't do for cruising. There is another old maxim that deserves to be repeated and applied: 'Nothing SHOULD break and nothing WILL break.' Which is especially relevant for dinghy cruising, and yet articles in our bulletin regularly refer to various gear failures and breakages. The Wayfarer suffered two failures in 20 miles. Bad luck or bad management? A gear failure, any gear failure, especially in Force 5-6 or above, must be considered as prejudicial to boat safety.

If you cannot have implicit trust in the boat and gear then you simply shouldn't be out there. Go back to the dinghy park and spend as long as it takes

to check everything and work out what could possibly come undone or break – then improve it so it can't. Be really pessimistic about everything. There are no half measures. 'Good enough' is simply *not* good enough. Volvo cars once advertised 'The Volvo philosophy: where we can use a bolt instead of a screw we do, and where we can use a rivet in place of a bolt we do.' Not a bad starting point for dinghy sailors.

We have driven *Surprise* through a 40-knot line squall in the Solent; across Christchurch Bay in the top end of Force 7; round Portland Bill four times; and around the Wight in under 11 hours; down to the Helford and back from the Solent – and nothing ever broke. She is now a lugsail yawl rather than a Bermudan sloop and we have different gear. We finally got our come-uppance in 1999 when racing in the Fowey Classics and the main halyard block – rated at 1000lb safe working load (that's almost twice the weight of the boat) exploded after a couple of strong wind gybes, depositing 185 square feet of Cornish cream-coloured lugsail into the sea alongside us, together with our hopes of winning the race. In fact it was the manufacturer's integral swivel which parted, so as a caveat, treat with suspicion the all too common 'square U' form of swivel joined with a smallish stainless rivet – however strong the catalogue says it is. A shock loading is not the same as a constant load. If you think it might break then replace it.

Back to Richard and the Wayfarer: with a centre mainsheet and double-reefed sail did they really need the cascade kicker when sailing upwind? It obviously caused more problems than benefits.

Once the boat had slowed in the muffed tack and/or was hit by an unlucky wave which led to the capsize, a new physical force would very quickly affect them: windage drag. With no dynamic energy or stability in the form of forward movement the sails and rig would instantly generate very considerable sideways drag. In a

wind of 21 knots the pressure is approximately 2lbs per square ft which translates to a lot of drag for a stalled boat. Once the gunwale had dipped under then the weight of water pouring downwards into the hull from the 'high point' of the coaming would further speed the capsize until the worst force of all took over – the effect of the tide on the rig.

Once a sail is in a strong tidal stream it is virtually impossible to prevent a complete inversion. Richard is unequivocal: '...the boat inverted immediately. There was no in-between...' Given that the density of water is 62.4 lbs per cubic foot and the water in the Needles Channel was moving at probably 3-4 knots, it is not surprising the rig was dragged under so quickly.

When you eventually find yourself swimming alongside your upturned boat it's very helpful to have a centreboard to pull on and lever it upright: the Wayfarer's disappeared into the slot and from our own experience of our one and only capsize in *Surprise* (Falmouth Classics, strong ebb tide, big sea, right at the entrance and 27 knots of wind recorded) we also suffered a complete inversion. There was a loud crash and the 70lb cast alloy plate obeyed Newton's first law of gravity and disappeared back into the casing: WE COULD NOT RIGHT THE BOAT. All owners of ballasted or heavier than water plates should fit a preventer line in heavy weather to ensure that at least a handhold's worth of plate remains pointing skywards (or horizontal if you are lucky). Experience and hindsight are wonderful tutors. Wooden boards should have strong bungee to keep them pulled down and have a positive rope uphaul. This is called 'fail-safe'. Amazing what a difference a short length of bungee or polyester cord could make to your survival chances.

Even if (or when) you do manage to get the boat upright the windage drag factor immediately hits again. Only this time it is exacerbated by the fact that tons of uncontrollable water are free moving in the boat. The moment



Traditional National 18 being sailed solo in Ireland. As from 1969 Proctor's GRP hull was standard. There have been few other changes over the years

the boat is upright the windage of a flogging sail (now wet as well) will heel the boat again and get an unstoppable mass of water shifting fast to leeward. Just in case you think TONS is an exaggeration, go and measure the interior capacity of your boat – and multiply the resulting cubic footage by 62.4lbs... you will be alarmed. Buoyancy right up under the gunwales helps to stabilise a swamped boat but can speed inversion on the way down. Anything which restricts the movement of water in both the fore and aft direction and, crucially for swamped stability, the lateral plane, will help you to regain control of the situation.

One good solution is a longitudinal web extending the centreboard case fore and aft to join the bow tank to the stern. A length of Terylene sailcloth makes a cheap and easily fitted barrier.

Bow and stern tanks are more effective than equivalent volume buoyancy bags as they provide a physical barrier. Of course the quickest way to reduce the windage is to get the sails down but this is almost impossible when the boat is inverted,

though it should be possible in a 90 degree capsized position, provided your halyards are well stowed and are not fouled by other gear. Wet spinnakers on the loose are definitely a very serious hindrance to boat recovery – and that applies whether the spinnaker was set or stowed (come to think of it – was Richard's crew about to set a spinnaker in Force 5-6 for the downwind leg to St Catherines?).

Spinnaker bags/stowage should have a capsized-proof closure. It goes without saying that all other loose gear should be secured at all times. Richard's summaries are excellent: the heading 'Capsized and you are dead' is succinct and chilling enough for us all to remember.

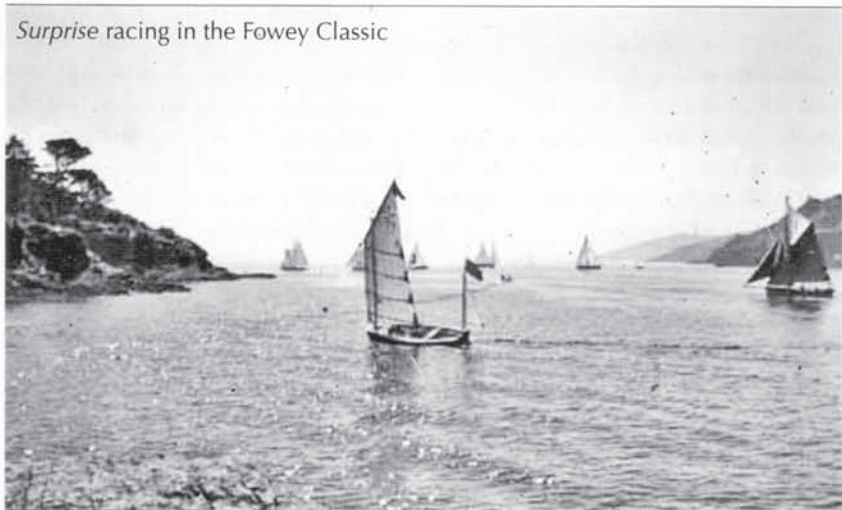
He couldn't reach his flares when the Wayfarer was inverted and it would be a brave crew

who let go their handhold on the hull to dive under (try that with an inflated lifejacket) to locate flares. We couldn't get ours either when *Surprise* inverted – luckily, because we were racing, there was a very handy rescue boat. That wouldn't have been the case if the capsized had happened whilst cruising. As the DCA safety recommendations say, 'Capsizing is not an acceptable proposition...' Trouble is, in a small centreboard boat, capsizing is an ever-present risk and the only way to face the risk is to be prepared for it. This is no time for being in denial – unless of course you have a hankering to unburden your soul on Davy Jones's couch.

Ian Proctor
d.1992



Surprise racing in the Fowey Classic



Richard mentions masthead buoyancy. A fender is cheap and simple but visually (and in windage terms) less than beautiful. There is now a specially designed automatic inflating system on the market – but expensive. Does any member have first hand experience of the effectiveness or otherwise of masthead buoyancy in the sort of conditions described?

Finally, congratulations to Richard for taking the trouble to write the article and share this alarming experience with us. Airing all these really vital points in his various conclusions and summaries should stimulate some more discussion. Let's do it before someone actually drowns.

The Sudbury and Concord Rivers

June 16 was the date for our annual Father's Day paddle on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers. The morning started out damp and overcast and most folks probably looked out the window and decided to stay inside. Some of us took the chance and met at Sherman's Bridge, hoping that the rains would hold off for the morning. Ed Howard and I paddled the 16' Prospector from Stevens Canoe Works, Gary and Ben Amirault brought the old Morris and Barclay Foord came all the way from New Jersey with his 1911 Old Town Guide, an 18 footer rigged with seating for three. Barclay's passengers were Kevin Breunig from Lexington and Peter Dragone from Concord. Doug Deyoe arrived with a well used Mad River canoe as his Old Town is still in the throes of restoration.

The rain held off for the first half of the trip. As we entered Fairhaven Bay it started to sprinkle and, as we were taking our usual rest stop, it became light rain, continuing for the rest of the day. Fortunately everyone came equipped with rain gear so the precipitation was just a small nuisance. At least we had the river mostly to ourselves, there were very few other boaters out.



Lee's Bridge, which carries Route 117 over the Sudbury River, makes a good background for the Norumbega canoes.

Arriving at the Lowell Road bridge in Concord the decision was made to skip the picnic at the Old North Bridge. We packed up there and headed for home.



Ed Howard, Barclay Foord, Gary Amirault, Ben Amirault, Doug Deyoe, Peter Dragone and Kevin Breunig at the Fairhaven Bay rest stop.

As an aside, we were met at the launch site by a Sergeant from the Environmental Police who was just a little confused about the regulations regarding launching ramps. He checked us out for PFDs, which we all had, then chastised us about taking up too much space at the otherwise unused ramp. When he figured it out that we were some sort of a group he asked to see if we had a permit for our event. We were, of course, stunned to say the least. Eventually he let us continue with only a warning to get a permit the next time we go out if we wish to continue with activities of this sort.



Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

Reports by Steve Lapey
Photos by Doug Deyoe, Steve Lapey,
Greg O'Brien and Bob Bundy

Anyone who didn't have a busy paddling summer this year just wasn't trying! There was so much to do it was hard to take advantage of every opportunity, Chapter paddling events, the annual Assembly at Paul Smiths, the Salem Maritime Festival and the kickoff of a new Chapter project that will carry forward into the fall and winter. Wooden canoeing can be non stop entertainment if one tries!

The next day, Monday, I did some research on the need for permits on public waterways and found very little. As a result we now are aware that SOME launching ramps in the Commonwealth are operated and maintained by an agency most of us have never heard of, the Office of Fishing and Boating Access, also known as OFBA. The OFBA ramps are subject to a whole bunch of regulations including the requirement that any "Organized Group" using one of their

facilities must apply for a "Special Use Permit" well in advance of any event.

As soon as the OFBA opened at 8:30 on Monday morning I was on the phone with them to get some clarification on this. The OFBA's definition of an "organized group" is quite vague, the gentleman I spoke to at the OFBA headquarters in Westborough said that if Jim calls Jack and they agree to meet at the launching ramp to go canoeing they could be called an "organized group." If your group consists of 25 people or more you are required to hire an Environmental Police detail for the duration of your event. The permits only involve

the use of the launching ramp, they have nothing to do with what you do or don't do on the water after you leave the launch ramp.

Note that this only applies to launching ramps operated by the OFBA which are identified by brown and gold signs at each ramp. We were at the Sherman's Bridge ramp and headed to the Lowell Road ramp in Concord. Neither of these facilities are operated by the OFBA! Their regulations have no bearing at these locations, we were doing absolutely nothing wrong. The representative that I spoke with ended up apologizing to me for the officer's poor behavior and his lack of understanding of the regulations.

The Environmental Police do issue "Special Use Permits" for using State waterways, but those permits are for events such as Regattas, Canoe Races, Boat Parades, Fishing Derbies and the like. There are no permitting requirements for small groups such as ours, unless they consider four canoes travelling down the river a "Boat Parade," a "Regatta" or a "Race," but that would be a real stretch.

As a result of this research it is fair to assume that our little group can continue to paddle the Commonwealth's waterways without asking anyone for permission. However, the next time we plan to meet at an OFBA ramp we will have to make the call and get the necessary permit, for which there is no fee (at least for now), and we will limit such activity to 24 people.

Assembly 2019 - Paul Smith's College

Norumbega had a good turnout for this year's WCHA Assembly featuring 100-year-old canoes. Thirteen Norumbega members attended bringing nine canoes meeting the criteria of being over a century old.

Gary and Diane Amirault brought the 1907 Morris, John Fitzgerald came with three oldies, a 1919 E.M. White, a 1914 Old Town Ideal and a 1908 Old Town. Benson Gray arrived with what may be the oldest Old Town from the Indian Old Town Canoe Company, perhaps a 1903 boat and also another Old Town, pre 1910. I managed to transport the old E.H. Gerrish canoe that may go back to 1880 or so, it may have been the oldest canoe at the Assembly. Greg Nolan brought two old timers, a 1915 Old Town 50 pounder and an unknown Gerrish lookalike that still had its scars from a garage fire. Greg O'Brien was on hand with his 1915 Morris. George Martin almost made the 100 club with his 1924 Old Town HW, it will be another five years before it qualifies.

Other attendees were Bob Bundy, Stuart Fall, Dan Miller and David Shwide. New member to Norumbega, David Johnson, signed on at the Assembly, all bringing nice but newer canoes.

The weather was good, we had a little rain on Friday but it held off until just when the paddle by was finishing up. The evening programs were interesting as usual and well attended. While there were some complaints about the food, we noticed that no one went home hungry.



John Fitzgerald's trio of 100-year-old canoes, two Old Towns and an E.M. White.



Plenty of wooden canoes to see at the WCHA Assembly.



The old Gerrish made a rare appearance at the Assembly.



Gary and Diane Amirault in the 1907 Morris.



John Fitzgerald and George Martin in the Old Town "Ideal" from 1914. An ideal canoe to use in the paddle by.



Stuart Fall in the Bourquin canoe for the paddle by.

The Salem Maritime Festival

Once again Norumbega was on display at the Salem Maritime Festival on August 3 and 4. On Saturday Stuart Fall and Doug Deyoe were on hand to greet the show visitors. Stu brought his white canoe made by Jeanne Bourquin in Ely, Minnesota, and Doug came with the old Peterborough racing canoe. I brought the 16' Prospector with a sailing rig. The sail rig can always be counted on to attract attention to our display, but on this day the winds were constantly changing direction causing the sail and the boom to swing around in an unpredictable manner. The sail had to be struck before we wiped out any of the small children that were running around!

We had lots of WCHA literature which we passed out to interested visitors. While we didn't sign up any new members at the show several folks indicated they would follow up by joining.



Saturday at Salem with canoes set up on the waterfront.

Sunday was another busy day, Stuart and Doug returned and we were joined by Gary Amirault, who had just returned from the West Coast at midnight and Ted Harrigan. Mike Parr from the National Park Service spent some time with us and he brought us a canoe for our next Chapter Project! We had outstanding weather for the festival this year and we exposed our canoes to literally thousands of show visitors.

Return to Tully

On August 17 we had a fleet of five wooden canoes for the trip up the East Branch of the Tully River in Royalston, Massachusetts, and we enjoyed another visit from the Environmental Police. In 25 years of Norumbega canoe trips we have never even seen these guys, this year we have met them twice! This time the officer was a perfect gentleman, asked about PFDs and then spent the next half hour of his time talking about canoeing, asking questions about wooden canoes. A completely different experience!

Greg O'Brien, Finn O'Brien and Finn's friend Nina came with two 15 footers, the Old Town Trapper and the 1915 Morris. Greg soloed the Trapper while Finn and Nina enjoyed the old Morris. Greg had a good opportunity to practice using his new (to him) double bladed paddle and he reports that it works well for him. We noticed that the double blade was very useful later in the day when a mild headwind came up and Greg had no problem keeping the canoe headed into the wind while other solo paddlers had to work to keep the bow headed in the desired direction.



Greg using the double bladed paddle in the Old Town Trapper.



Finn and Nina demonstrating the correct way to lift over a beaver dam as Greg and Stuart wait their turns.

Tom Anderson came from the hinterlands of Granville, Massachusetts, with the 17' Sassafras canoe that he made some time ago and his dog Finn. Yes, we had two Finns on the trip! At 38" wide, it makes for a very stable canoe. This is a nice option when one travels with an overactive 65lb Labrador Retriever!



Finn and Tom on the East Branch of the Tully River.

Stuart Fall brought the 16 1/2' canoe made by Jeanne Bourquin in Ely, Minnesota, some 25 years ago. This white canoe looks just like new, Stuart has taken very good care of it.



Stuart making short work of a beaver dam lift over.

I arrived with the Sweet Sixteen from Stevens Canoe Works, a nice lightweight canoe well suited to traversing beaver dams, there were several of them to deal with on the Tully River.

We launched shortly after 9am and proceeded upstream on the Tully River for about a mile before the river widened out to form Long Pond. At the far end of Long Pond where the river enters there is a delta that spread the river out in a maze of grass and lily pads, making it always difficult to find the main channel leading further upstream to the river proper. The delta changes every year, so, there is never an easy way through it. This time we were able to find our way in fairly easily.

Once on the upper stretch of the river we were able to paddle quite a way before arriving at what would be the only serious beaver dam of the trip. This first dam appeared to have been worked on recently as there were

fresh branches in the dam but it was holding back only about a foot of water. As we progressed upstream we were able to slide right over another four or five dams that seemed to be unmaintained.

Often on the Tully we make it our goal to get upstream as far as the large powerline that crosses the river, today we went well past the powerline to a point where the river became so shallow and narrow that it was not worth going any further so we reversed course and returned downstream, back to Long Pond where we landed at the point across from where Spirit Brook empties into the pond. During the spring run off Spirit Falls is an exciting waterfall, however, at this time of the year it is only a trickle.



Greg, Finn and Nina having lunch at Long Pond.

After a relaxing lunch at Long Pond we returned to the canoes and returned downstream to the launching site where the vehicles were waiting for the trip home. Another fun trip on the Tully River!

A New Chapter Project!

Thanks to Mike Parr we now have a new Chapter Project. Mike was gracious enough to donate to the Chapter a 1911 Old Town Charles River canoe to be restored and sent to the next Assembly Auction.



The Old Town Charles River canoe as she arrived at the Salem Festival. Yes, she is missing a few pieces and is coming apart at the seams, but it is basically a sound canoe.

The canoe is an AA grade which means it has all mahogany trim, inwales, outwales, decks, thwarts and seats. It has half ribs and was originally shipped to a destination in Quebec according to information provided by Benson Gray.

That it is an AA canoe is the good news, the bad news is that it will need new decks, inwales and outwales, nothing the Norumbega volunteers can't handle. With new mahogany trim, fresh paint and lots of shiny varnish this will once again be an outstanding canoe.

We have already started on this. On Saturday, August 24, we took it apart and stripped the old varnish. Fortunately the weather was just right for the job, fairly cool with a light breeze to carry away the nasty fumes from the paint remover that we needed to use. The stripping has got to be the worst part of the restoration and we are all thankful that this is done with. From here on the woodworking tasks will be neater and cleaner.



The August 31 crew. From the left, Greg O'Brien, Paul Kelly, Lawton Gaines, Steve Hodge, Steve Lapey and Jeff Morrill. Hiding from the picture were the photographer, Bob Bundy, John Fisk and Doug Deyoe.

With the varnish removed it became apparent that this canoe was going to need more than just a few ribs replaced, it will be getting at least 15 new ones over the course of the next few weeks. The Charles River models from Old Town featured untapered ribs so the replacement ribs will be fairly easy to make, just straight pieces of 2³/₈" x 5⁵/₁₆" white cedar rounded over on both edges.

On August 31 a small group, Gary Amirault, Lawton Gaines and Paul Kelly, gave up some of their Labor Day weekend time to help mill out the mahogany for the new gunwales, glue up some scarf joints and make up the new rib blanks.




Paul, Gary and Lawton re-sawing rib stock on the table saw

And on September 7 Gary Amirault, John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Paul Kelly, Jeff Morrill and Alan Svenson arrived to take the top row of planking off the hull to prepare for the inwale replacements. We also ripped, planed, beveled and tapered the mahogany for the new inwales. There was still time at the end of the morning to re-saw and plane another piece of mahogany that John Fitzgerald brought for the two new decks. The mahogany was re-sawn into two pieces 1/2" thick which were then planed down to 3/8". Next the thin pieces will be steamed and bent to the required curve before being glued together to make the 3/4" thick decks.

We plan on having Saturday work sessions over the next couple of months as the work progresses. Our shortterm goal is to have it in canvas by November 30.

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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher






Toledo in August

We got here early. Not the very first but early. But before long the clans were gathering. I got busy with helping to launch and tie boats up. We were the first at the ramp of our group and the last to leave. We took Elaine and her sailboat in tow and began a routine transit to the Toledo marina. Not a real big task.



Dan was just ahead of us in his San Francisco Pelican *Eagle*. It's always puffy in this twisty estuary, some times more so than others. Quite suddenly things didn't look quite right in the distance. I actually didn't know those boats **COULD** capsize. Dunno how well that old Evinrude on the stern is going to account for the swim but Dan got her beached, bailed and back on the road, all in about 45 minutes. There are only two kinds of small boat sailors: Those who have capsized and those who **WILL**.



The balance of the day was consumed with telling stories, renewing old friendships and eating. Exactly what we went from one end of one of the Newport highways to the other end of the other, hoping to do. Show time tomorrow!

Show Time at Toledo

This would be a goodly slice of the folks who brought boats to the Wooden Boat Show for display and interaction with the visitors. These folks drove considerable distance to show up and talk to interested passers by, if there were any.

The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



See all those people walking up and down the docks, coming down the ramp to inspect our boats? Me neither. Nope, not where the action was today.



For a half dozen family groups, today was day two of a two day marathon to construct their very own Elegant Punts. Pretty much how they spent their weekend. By mid afternoon there was a graduation ceremony, down at the dock.



Some, certainly, had bigger crews than others. Quite a testament to a very burdensome little boat.



At least one new build may have tested the minimalist credo. But this maiden voyage turned out a success.



A big hooray as the estuary filled with family groups, ones and twos and kids out for their first solos. There's the makings of a new generation of skippers and crew coming out of those intense couple of days of boat building.



Soon it was time to tow a couple of boats back to the ramp and then help a bunch more get back on the trailer for the trip home. No formal job title for that but that's what Jamie and I did sign on for.

Anyhow, this party is over.



Keeping Score

To sort of help me remember stuff I started a sumlog, of sorts, on my dash-mounted automotive GPS. I reset the trip meter when we were in Olympia getting ready to shove off for the Salish-100. We ended up putting 200 miles on the meter for that one.



The little digital window shows 523.1 today. It also shows 103:09 hours underway (on the water, someplace) and another 447:57 hours at anchor or tied up someplace in the months of July and August. Somehow I've remembered to shut it down when we come out of the water and go someplace by trailer. We're sitting at anchor, off someplace away from the rig, right at this moment but last time I noticed there was something north of 4,500 miles on the trailer trip log for *Mr Bro-gans*, *Walkabout's* trailer since I put the new axle on and *Big Red* recognized him as a guy having brakes. That was only June, I recall.

Short Hop

The Yaquina River leads from a place called Elk City down to the sea. It starts someplace in the trees, uphill from Elk City. If there ever was one, there ain't no city there now.

Today's voyage of discovery was from about the upper, middle, top half of the river to just about the bottom. This is one of those places where precision might matter a lot when we manage to pass a nav beacon on

But for a "river" it's real darn salty. In fact, the tide simply rips up and down. Twice a day the water rides right up to the tree roots. Twice a day there are mud banks and shoals, even oyster shoals. A thriving industrial base depends upon this channel. The Port of Toledo has a new mondo-travel lift and associated repair yard near the "top" of the stream. And here and there on the way to the "bottom" folks continue to find ways to make a living.



These guys are in the process of creating an enormous pile of oyster shells along the riverbank. I do suspect they're a lot more interested in the growing and dredging and shucking and marketing of those bivalve crustaceans but it is a pretty impressive mound of a shell midden.

The turn around point for our voyage was a place that has figured out how to amalgamate a real deal fishing port and processing center with a big deal tourist mecca. Newport, Oregon. John worked his local boy mojo with the Port Director and got us a ring-side seat. He even managed to get a band of rowdy locals to greet us as we made the final turn into the fishing boat pier.



We went to a great fish place for lunch. Nobody even said anything about Jamie joining us at that corner table out on the deck. It's a busy place. Boats coming in, unloading and heading back out.

We took the self guided boatguy tour. Everybody had a great time of it and I'm pretty sure we'd all do it again. Maybe you'll come along when we do.

You just don't wanna get cobwebs on your anchor, there, shipmate.



the wrong side with a falling tide. Otherwise, we don't even have to squint much to imagine ourself as one of the indigenous people or maybe a homesteader from a century and a quarter ago. It's a pretty unmolested place. Today it was *Bartender*, *Lazy Jack*, *Dr Petra*, *Eagle* and *Walkabout*, who had the river pretty much to themselves. We started out before the first cups of coffee were cold and with a thinning mist.



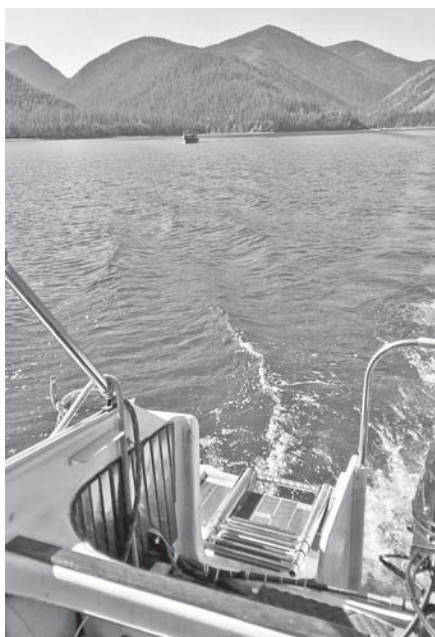
Greetings from Hungry Horse Reservoir

We brought a canoe paddle to a place called Koocanusa, a contrived name denoting a reservoir spanning two countries and at least one Indian tribe. We went to some trouble to determine that this dock was 12 of my 3' paces long and the water was one canoe paddle deep out there. What we hoped for was one and a quarter canoe paddles, at ten paces that would have ensured that our buddy Jim could bring his frankenboat, *Mer Greta*, from their homeport, another hundred miles off to the east in western Montana's vastness, and join us for a couple of days' cruising.



A more than hundred mile lake, backed up behind Libby Dam, will just have to wait for another foray. We could easily launch *Walkabout* but Jim couldn't. So he invited us over to his house for ribs. Besides, Montana has lots more lakes.

Take this one, for example, 3,543' above the mean tide line in Seattle. No houses. No marinas. Not even a gas station. Today a warm mid September day only produced about a dozen boats in the 30 mile circle we've had to look at so far. And now that the sun has crawled over the hills to the west and a down slope sundowner is making up from the upper reaches of the peaks to the east, it's likely we are the only two boats afloat on this huge pond. Greetings from Hungry Horse Reservoir! Just *Mer Greta*, *Walkabout*, Jamie, Jim and me.



The chart says this is Dudley Creek. We managed to snug right up to the beach as if it were a quay wall. A near full moon is on tap for later. The nearest civilization is totally forgettable. This place is exquisitely silent and fantastically beautiful, like very few other places on the planet.



All mornings on the water beat any morning on the hard. Some are better than others. Today was splendid. Our ship's clock was still set to Pacific Daylight Time. The sun hereabouts is set to Mountain Time so *Walkabout* was showing signs of life much earlier than *Mer Greta*. Stands to reason.

We ran the cabin heater last night and then again this morning. Our favorite season is slamming shut. By the time we were back underway the mist had burned off, the sky was blue. We were headed for the south end, about a day's travel.

The wind came up. The wind died off completely and sprang up again. Typical mountain lake weather. She's nigh on to a fathom shallower than the last time we were here, in July, lots of unexpected shoals and wild fluctuations in depth that we just don't think much about when we THINK there's "plenty of water." One channel we nosed into started out at over 200' on the depth sounder. By the end we were in about 2' amid stumps and rocks.

There was this tight little cove where we stopped for lunch. About then Jim got a call. A family medical emergency. Time to head back to the ramp short of our goal, but any time up here is better than just about anyplace else.



Jamie and I decided that we might as well spend just one more night here. We found a cove not a mile from the ramp. Gonna be dark soon. This is a lot like it must have been a hundred years ago in these parts. Of course it would have been forest to the present lake bottom but then we wouldn't have been able to launch *Walkabout* here a hundred years ago.

We spent the night in an arm of Doris Creek. After stars and moon it became one of those sprinkleydrizzle times that just shouts "fall in the mountains!" We pulled the hook, steamed out into the lake, moseyed down another arm of Doris Creek and found bottom in a nice little pond that four or five other boats could swing to short scope hooks in if there was anybody around these "tree covered hills" who was willing to try something like that.

It would appear that we'd anchored off some sort of campground. We could catch a glimpse of motor home roofs and windshields through the trees just up the beach from our little pond. We're swinging lazily around the anchor. The rain was pretty steady. I supposed we should start talking about getting back to the ramp, sometime this morning. One a them roofboat days if there ever was one. Maybe we'll just stay here for a while and make another cup of coffee and watch the little rings radiate from the rain drops hitting the water. Otherwise, this party's over.



One More Last Time

We're back at Priest Lake, and to get here took all morning and into the afternoon. We made all sorts of stops. We also went through the quagganazi inspection station. We go there every time we cross into Idaho with a boat following along. We still had some milfoil clumps hanging off *Mr Brogans* from the night before the one before today. We had pulled out of the Mud Hole Corps of Engineers ramp real late and just a few minutes before the nice lady was gonna close the gate and then allow us to pay for another overnight stay. So we didn't really look things over, so our buddy Doug asked us if we wanted a hot wash. Well sure, why not?



So he fired up the tank and the pump and gave us the deluxe wash. After that we stopped at the tire store to get our trailer tires topped up and we stopped in the office to talk to Wayne. He told me the bad news about how much tires for *Big Red* are gonna cost before another winter. Then we had to stop for gas for Suzi, she only drinks the primo stuff, without corn alki that is. Phil drove on by and beat us to Granite Creek. He was just launching *Blue Monty* when we finally showed up.

We had places to go and people to meet up with. Underway. Phil was supposed to meet up with a lady who works with his wife Becky and take her sailing. When we got there there wasn't enough wind to fill a small sand pail tipped sideways on a sandy beach. Becky introduced us to her friend Jo who figured she'd like to go sailing, too.

They were off when the wind died. But they were having a good time and Phil was being a gentleman and superlative host by paddling and not starting up the Honda and disturbing the calm, quiet foray out on the water. So it was all good. That's pretty much how we ended up on Kalispell Island in the day use only area. I set the bow hook too close to the sand spit and we had chow and watched the sunset.

Then, how we would likely have a side wind and begin to roll, and how we wouldn't be able to swing with the swell, and how we'd likely have a lousy night of it. But hey. If all we ever had was warm sun and soft sand, well then, we just might not be so all fired up anxious to do it again. You know. One more time.





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I changed my work location to Lock #2 in the fall of 1969. I felt comfortable making this move because I knew the new Lockmaster. We had worked together at the Ford Dam when he was the Assistant Lockmaster there. I also liked the move because I could still commute from my home in Apple Valley.

At that time the lockmaster and his assistant had to live in sight of the lock so he sold his house in Apple Valley and moved into the government house at the lock. He made the move about six months before I did.

Unfortunately the same guy who I had worked well with at Lock #1 became something of a tyrant when he became the boss. I had moved into a hornet's nest and for the next 15 years we worked hard at keeping a peaceful coexistence.

Lock #2 was a much larger lock, very typical of most of the other locks in the system. The chamber was 600' long and would take three barges side by side by three long. There was a 900' upper guide wall and about 600' on the lower wall. It was also a low lift lock with a maximum of 12' during normal river levels. I liked this because we were more at face to face level with the boat crews. We spent many hours on the upper wall helping 1200' tows get into the lock. It was not unusual during high water to spend several hours getting a boat safely flat against the wall before it could enter the lock.

It was very common to do what we called double lockages. We would put the first nine barges into the lock, then the boat crew would undo the wires that held the tow together and back out with the remaining tow and tie off so we could close the gates and raise or lower the first half. We would then pull the first half out with a winch, get that tied off and go back for the rest of the tow. By the time the tow got reconnected and moved out of the lock we had spent at least an hour and a half. That was on a good day when everything went well.

In my early years at the lock we had a lot of coal moving upriver and mostly grain going down. The coal we moved was mostly West Virginia or Kentucky stuff. It was mostly soft high sulfur coal. It was not uncommon to see a load of coal on fire. If there was enough space between the chunks of coal so that air could get in, the load could start smoldering before it reached us. No one got excited about it, they simply brought out the fire hoses and sprayed the burning load when the smoke got so thick that the pilot couldn't see ahead. Big piles of coal do that spontaneously.

Our downbound barges carried mostly grain that had been loaded up in the Minnesota River at one of the terminals there. They often used the same barges both ways, that meant that they had to clean the coal out of the empty barges and dry them out before loading the grain.

An industry was created for barge cleaning. There were a couple of places on the shore where a crew would get down into the barge with brooms and shovels. They also had a pump and sometimes a small loader lowered down into the cargo hold. When most of the coal dust was gone they would hose down the hold and get all that remaining dust washed to the lowest corner where it got pumped overboard. Needless to say, this was a low wage job, but someone had to do it.

The towboat industry had a lot of things going on. There was a grocer in St Paul who would provide many groceries to the boats.

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

My Move to Lock #2

Sometimes the boats would leave the harbor before he made his delivery and he would show up at our lock. He would rattle our gate and we would let him in. He would let us know which boat he was looking for. He would drive up to the dike and back as close as he could without bothering us. When the boat was making its last downbound the skipper would stop with the stern barges near his truck. The locking would stop long enough for his crew to move the delivery to the stern of the barge.

The cook would often show up and take any frozen stuff right to the reefer. He would sign the order and then disappear. The rest of the stuff would get taken back to the galley after the boat was leaving the lock. We would usually get a can of Folgers for our cooperation. Downriver there were many places where groceries got delivered by boat. A couple of young entrepreneurs were doing that one summer at Hastings but they gave it up after one season.

A very big part of our job was to keep the peace between the towboaters and the pleasure boat gang. In summer, especially on weekends, the latter were out in droves. One thing we dreaded was getting two double tows on a Sunday afternoon when most of the small boats were headed home, usually upriver.

We would normally lock the small craft near the center of the land wall. On a rare occasion we would fill up both walls. We handed out lines tied to the top handrail that were long enough to reach the water in an empty lock. We tied a monkey's fist on one end of the line and weighted it with a small chunk of lead. On the upper end we spliced an eye. That made it easier for us to tie them to the railing quickly and harder for the boater to steal it.

When the boats were entering the lock we would try to keep them moving to the place where we hoped they would stop. We would hand each boat two lines to hang onto and quickly move back to the next boat to do the same. These lines were made up on our less busy evenings and stored on a rack next to the control station outdoors.



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On a Saturday morning we would hang a few on the railing with the eye splice on the upper end. We knew we would need a few so we always put out enough to handle two or three small boats.

We could not leave the lines down during a towboat lockage because the barges would cut them off. They had to be kept handy but on the side of the railing facing us. We tied them on every other post near the control station. That worked out well for the runabout and the larger boats might get three or four lines.

We always tried to not put out too many lines because the boaters would often grab the first one that came to hand and then messed up the flow of boats into the lock. By the end of the weekend we often had them tied along both walls and we gathered them back up later in the watch.

On a nice summer day it was easy for pleasure boaters to tell us what a great job we had. I would agree but would suggest to them that they should come back in November and tell us what a great job we had. They had a hard time realizing that we often were still running the lock into December.

Next issue I will tell a bit about winter lockages and our other duties.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



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Coast Guard Finds Missing Kayaker Off Gloucester

Coast Guard crews helped find a missing person Saturday near House Island. A good Samaritan reported seeing an overturned orange kayak near Salem Channel to Sector Boston watchstanders at 2:24pm. Shortly after, the wife of the missing kayaker called Sector Boston watchstanders reporting her husband overdue.

Two rescue boat crews from Station Gloucester and crews from the Salem and Beverly Harbormasters launched. When they arrived on scene, the kayak held a dry bag containing a set of keys and a T-shirt. After searching for about an hour, the Beverly Harbormaster rescue crew found the kayaker wearing a life jacket. He floated in 4' seas for about three hours.

"A life jacket really saved this man's life," said Ensign Isabella Stoyka, the duty public affairs officer for Sector Boston. "If his kayak was labeled we may have found him sooner." His kayak was not labeled. The water temperature was 66° and winds were about 20 knots.



Coast Guard Fines Woods Hole, Massachusetts and Block Island, Rhode Island, Ferry Jumpers

Investigators from Coast Guard Sector Southeastern New England issued two notices of violation with proposed penalties of \$2,500 each to two individuals for intentionally jumping over ferry railings in June and July. The act of intentionally jumping into the water from a passenger vessel is considered interfering with the safe operation of the vessel, a violation of 46 United States Code, Section 2302. The penalties for this violation can be up to \$35,000. These fines are the Coast Guard's response to action taken from investigative reports provided by the Falmouth Police Department, and New Shoreham Police Department who responded to the scene after being contacted by the masters of the ferries.

"Jumping into the water from a certificated passenger vessel, such as a tour boat or charter vessel, is not only dangerous for the person jumping, but it also endangers the lives of others onboard," said Commander Brian McSorley, deputy sector commander of Coast Guard Sector Southeastern New England. "Commercial passenger vessel crews are responsible for the safety of all passengers aboard their vessels and, in this case, their attention was diverted away from the safe operation of the vessel in order to try and retrieve the jumper from the water."

All Coast Guard certificated small passenger vessels undergo thorough safety inspections that include testing the crew's competence to recover a man overboard. In both of these cases the crews performed their man overboard emergency recovery in accordance with their procedures.



Our Coast Guard in Action

Coast Guard Crews Rescue Two Off Maine Coast

The Coast Guard rescued two boaters approximately 30 miles off the coast of Maine after they were reported overdue. At approximately 10:30pm on a Saturday a boater's wife reported to Coast Guard Sector Northern New England watchstanders that her husband and his friend had not returned home from their trip to Cashes Ledge aboard a 22' recreation boat.

An Air Station Cape Cod aircrew located the missing boat and passengers at approximately 6:20am Sunday. The boaters signaled to the aircraft by waving a flag and setting off a flare. *Ocracoke*, a 110' cutter, arrived on the scene at 7:09am and launched their small boat rescue crew. The rescued boaters reported that on Saturday night they experienced an engine casualty and, due to loss of power, were unable to use radios. They were not in cell reception range.



Coast Guard Assists Capsized USFSP Sail Students in St Petersburg, Florida

The Coast Guard assisted multiple capsized and aground sail students from the University of South Florida St Petersburg (USFSP) in Bayboro Harbor Thursday evening. The Coast Guard launched a 29' Response Boat Small crew and recovered two students from the water and placed two of the sailing vessels in tow to keep them from hitting the rocks.

Coast Guard Station St Petersburg saw a number of small university sailboats capsized or aground from the shore of the station and went to assist the students who were struggling with wind conditions. They transferred students to the campus docks once all

the vessels had been safely escorted to the school moorings. All students were wearing their lifejackets.

"Winds around 25mph struck the harbor while the sailing class was in session," said Senior Chief Petty Officer Timothy Abrams, officer-in-charge of Station St Petersburg. "Most of the student boats returned to campus with the assistance of the instructor vessel. The capsized sailboat was righted and towed back to the campus docks."



Coast Guard Rescues Man from Plane Crash in Gulf of Mexico

The Coast Guard rescued a man after his plane crashed in the Gulf of Mexico approximately eight miles southeast of Southwest Pass, Louisiana. Watchstanders at the Eighth Coast Guard District received a distress alert from an emergency locator transmitter at 11:46am. District watchstanders also received notification from the Houston Air Route Traffic Control Center that a Southwest Airlines flight had relayed a mayday call from an unknown aircraft. The Houston Air Route Traffic Control Center also reported three helicopters had received the international air distress frequency near the transmitter's location.

District watchstanders directed the launch of Coast Guard crews to search the transmitter's location for signs of distress.

Involved in the search were an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew from Coast Guard Air Station New Orleans, a 45' Response Boat-Medium crew from Coast Guard Station Venice and an HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew from Coast Guard Aviation Training Center Mobile.

The helicopter crew arrived on scene at 1:04pm and located the man, who was the only person aboard the plane. The man was in the water and wearing a life jacket. The aircrew hoisted the man and transported him to West Jefferson Medical Center in Marrero in stable condition.

"This is a great example of how being prepared can help the Coast Guard locate and rescue you if you need assistance," said Lt Cmdr Brian Ward, an aircraft commander at Air Station New Orleans. "Wearing a life jacket and having an emergency position indicating radio beacon onboard a vessel, greatly increases your chances of survival and being rescued."

Coast Guard Rescues Two People Near Waukegan, Illinois

The Coast Guard rescued two people from the water near Waukegan, Illinois. Watchstanders from Coast Guard Sector Lake Michigan received a report at approximately 4pm that the operator of a sailing vessel recovered an unmanned personal watercraft approximately three miles offshore Lake Forest Park Beach two and half hours prior. The PWC had two cell phones, a set of keys, and a wallet with identification cards aboard.

Sector Lake Michigan watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast, performed call outs to missed calls from the cell phone and launched search and rescue crews. Local authorities located the missing persons' vehicle and empty PWC trailer in the marina parking lot at Naval Base Great Lakes.

A Coast Guard Air Station Traverse City MH-60 helicopter crew arrived on scene and commenced a track line search from Naval Base Great Lakes to the last known position of the PWC. Approximately two and a half miles into the search the helicopter crew located both individuals wearing lifejackets and waving their arms. The aircrew deployed the rescue swimmer, hoisted the survivors and transported them to local emergency medical services where they were treated for mild hypothermia.

Assets involved in the search included response boat crews from Coast Guard Stations Wilmette and Calumet Harbor, an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from Air Station Traverse City, an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew from Air Station Detroit and a C-130 crew from Joint Rescue Coordination Center Trenton.

Coast Guard Rescues Two After Hour at Sea Near the Eel River

The Coast Guard rescued two men from a small island in California in the mouth of the Eel River. At approximately 8:30pm the Coast Guard was notified that a Humboldt County Sheriff's Deputy had found a man stranded on an inaccessible, sandy island near the mouth of the Eel River. Coast Guard watchstanders dispatched a Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay MH-65 helicopter crew to assist.

The helicopter crew arrived on scene to find two men who had washed ashore after their personal watercraft had become disabled on the ocean side of the Eel River mouth. The Dolphin crew landed on the sandy island, picked up the two men and transferred them to emergency medical services at Murray airport in Eureka.

Both men had been wearing life jackets and estimated that they had been in the water for about an hour before arriving at the small island. The men were fatigued and showed

symptoms of hypothermia but were otherwise reported as uninjured.

"This case is an excellent example of the importance of always wearing a personal flotation device when you're on the water," said Capt Clint Schlegel, the Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay deputy commander. "If these men hadn't been wearing theirs, this rescue may have ended very differently."

Coast Guard Rescues Three From Island in Willapa Bay, Washington

Coast Guard crews rescued three people from an island in Willapa Bay after their canoe capsized due to weather. One of the stranded individuals called 911 to alert authorities to the situation. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Columbia River were notified from Pacific County dispatch around 5:30pm that three people needed assistance on Long Island in Willapa Bay after their 17' canoe capsized. The command center diverted an MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from Coast Guard Air Station Astoria that was already in the air for training.

The Jayhawk aircrew arrived on scene at 6pm and deployed the rescue swimmer to assess the condition of the three people. The aircrew hoisted the individuals from the island. They were transported to awaiting emergency medical service personnel at Ilwaco Airport at 7pm for further assessment.

The Coast Guard recommends boaters always check weather forecasts prior to departing on a journey. The smaller size of paddle craft makes them vulnerable to sudden changes in weather conditions.

Coast Guard Suspends Search For Two People Missing in Waters Near Mercer Island Washington

The Coast Guard has suspended searches for two people reported to be in the water near Mercer Island in Lake Washington. Federal, state and local agencies conducted search and rescue operations to locate those who were reported missing.

Mercer Island Police received a call from a local resident reporting loud music coming from a vessel offshore southwest of Mercer Island. The Mercer Island Police Marine Unit responded and discovered the belongings of two persons, including cell phones and IDs, aboard the vessel. Additionally, a truck and boat trailer belonging to the man were found at Gene Coulon Memorial Beach Park.

Coast Guard Sector Puget Sound received the initial report from King County Dispatch at 11:51pm, Monday. The Coast Guard launched a Coast Guard Air Station Port Angeles MH-65 rescue helicopter crew and a 45' Response Boat-Medium crew

from Coast Guard Station Seattle to conduct searches. Coast Guard air and surface assets saturated the waters of Mercer Island in coordination with Mercer Island Police Department and Seattle Police Harbor Patrol using side scan sonar.

"We searched extensively with our local partners for two days to locate the two people," said LT Josh McElhaney, the command duty officer at the Sector Puget Sound Command Center. Suspending a search is one of the most difficult decisions the Coast Guard has to make and it is a decision that is made with great care and deliberation. We search for the missing as if one of our own is missing."



The Coast Guard Recommends

The Coast Guard recommends the following safety tips for boaters and paddlers before entering the water:

Wear a life jacket. The Coast Guard estimates that life jackets could have saved the lives of more than 80% of boating fatality victims.

Carry a VHF-FM marine radio and alternate means of communication. Cell phones often lose signal and run out of batteries after a day on the water. They are helpful but not reliable for emergencies. Boaters and paddlers should have access to a handheld marine radio. In addition, the Coast Guard reminds boaters to always monitor VHF-FM Channel 16 for the most current ocean forecast and marine broadcasts information.

Carry a registered EPIRB. Response time is the key to survival. A properly registered Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) provides an accurate way for the Coast Guard to locate and rescue people in distress.

Other boating safety information and the current boating safety statistic report is available on the Coast Guard boating safety website at: www.uscgboating.org.





The Essex Clamflats (just one small part).

On the Essex Clamflats

By Bob Hicks

The tide was right in Essex Bay (Massachusetts) for clamming on a sunny mid September day, an hour or so before dead low giving a two hour window of opportunity for six of the student builders of the Essex clam skiff featured in the October issue to try their handwork in its element and maybe dig themselves a lunch of local clams. Two of the Shipbuilding Museum's Sharptown Barges were pressed into service to transport the entire ensemble out to the emerging flats from Conomo Point. I went along pulling bow oar in one. Herewith a look at how it went.



Trying the Clam Girl skiff. Forward bias weight distribution due the locations of the thwarts brought the bow down and tracking was unpredictable as a result.



Skiff was soon taken in tow to speed up getting out to the flats. Relocating crew helped improve tracking.



Coming ashore.

Heading for better digging.



The tide sneaks in.



Found some!



Razor clam is a prize worth several times that of the ordinary variety.



Steaming up the clams...

...and enjoying the results.





A pro at work, bent like that for several non stop hours. Gulls hang around for tidbits when he moves on.



Ian is a professional clam digger, offers advice to novices.



Spoiled goods, clamshell pierced by fork.

Our Sharpstown barge gets underway, that's the Editor on the bow oar.



Drone's eye view of novice clammers looking where to dig next.



Incoming tide developing surf in the shallows, tugs at skiff and barge at anchor.

The fleet heads home to the Museum under 5hp Honda four stroke power.



Sea News

After 15 people jumped over the side of a refugee ship off the coast of Italy, a judge ordered that Italian authorities immediately evacuate the ship, *Open Arms*, which still contained 83 people in desperate conditions. In a hotly debated political quarrel between Interior Minister Matteo Salvini and Prosecutor Luigi Patronaggio, the former, a hard liner anti immigrant official, refused to allow the ship to land people while the latter went aboard and immediately ordered the people evacuated. Salvini refused to open any ports to the ship even though six countries agreed to take the refugees.

Open Arms is a Spanish owned vessel used for transporting sundry refugees to Italy. The Socialist government of Spain ordered a navy ship to Italy to escort the vessel back to Spain. Some saw this action as a positive step in the ongoing battle among European nations regarding the issue of immigrants.

Meanwhile, *Ocean Viking*, a Norwegian flagged ship that is leased to a pair of French humanitarian groups, headed to Italy with 356 people. While sailing off the coast of Malta, the ship aroused internal fighting within the shaky Italian government.

Alvin Toffler's 1970 book, *Future Shock*, discussed the exponential speed of the increase in knowledge. Using transportation as an example, he noted that for thousands of years the horse was the fastest means of travel. In the 19th century the railroad locomotive reigned supreme but was overtaken by the automobile in the early 20th century that was, in turn, beaten by the airplane by the 1940s. By 1950 jets were the screaming fastest vehicle for hauling humanity. By 1960 rockets were racing into space. Now it is not so much speed as it is making humans unnecessary for many, many tasks from vacuuming your floor to sailing your cargo ship. I cannot imagine what my eight-year-old granddaughter will see when she gets to my age. She will read books about old time ships that had to have people run them.

While talking about the future is here today, I stumbled across an article about the new *Silent 55*, a totally solar electric catamaran that debuted in France. Her sister ship, a year older, had less power, but this version is noise free, unlimited range and requires virtually no maintenance. *Silent 55* uses 30 of the most efficient solar panels ever built, each generating about ten kilowatts. She also has a converter so regular appliances can run easily. This wonderful yacht, featuring a 1,500watt electric windlass, can come with three to six staterooms and three to four bathrooms. I want one for Christmas. Are you listening, dear wife?

For those readers who desire something more than a rowboat, Italy's Benetti offers the *Oasis 40M*, a simple 134' long, 28' beam, 385 tons of floating opulence including a beach club and infinity pool. Spaciously she comes with five staterooms and marble bathrooms that include tubs for lengthy soaks after lounging by the infinity pool. The Captain's cabin is off the wheelhouse while four crew staterooms are forward and below. The main lounging room is bigger than my house and has more windows than most homes. I want one for Christmas.

Merchant Marine

The *USV Maxlimer* is a bright yellow and white ship bobbing in the Atlantic off England that looks quite weird, and bluntly,



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

it is. *Maxlimer* is a totally robotic vessel that is about to cross the Atlantic to the US to demonstrate that tankers, freighters and cargo ships can sail nicely without crew. This particular edition of an experimental craft is only 37' built by Sea-Kit, but the future plans revolve around large ships that can travel at 8 knots without crew, food, medical necessities and any human need until it runs out of fuel about nine months into a voyage. Control of the robotic ships will be by satellite communications, small drones or even submarines. I want one for Christmas.

Germany's Heligoland on the North Sea (it was traded to Germany by the English who received Zanzibar in exchange) is a notable tourist area because of its history, beaches and sea life. For centuries they took visitors from the harbor on their famous oaken Bortebots. Now the region has considered a 21st century approach to motoring these boats. They have begun using a clean, quiet Torqeedo Deep Blue 50i with lithium-ion batteries.

Torqeedo engineers worked closely with a local shipyard and Rainer Hatecke, a fifth generation boat builder, to develop a 50kw motor using technology from BMW's automotive group. Citizens are much happier now that the noise level has been virtually eliminated. Torqeedo is owned by the Deutz Group, a developer of marine engines.

The Supreme Court "inherits" two kinds of seafaring law, General Maritime Law (that is similar to Common Law that pre dates the Constitution and is more inferred than written) and Congressionally passed laws. The biggest headache for them is the term "unseaworthy" which sailors use against owners of questionable vessels. The 2009 Atlantic Sounding Co vs Townsend ruling allowed seamen to seek punitive damages for injury aboard poorly maintained ships.

Now a recent ruling (6-3) said that sailors couldn't seek punitive damages. Justice Alito stated, "The overwhelming historical evidence suggests that punitive damages are not available for unseaworthiness claims and allowing punitive damages on unseaworthiness would... create bizarre disparities in the law." I think he means that you shouldn't work on a leaky boat.

Don't you just love big machines? Verret Shipyard built a massive crane to lift towboats into and out of the water. People set up lawn chairs to watch workers cradle the 400-ton *MV Lee W* into the slings, lift it, pivot and gently place it in the water. I wonder how much it would cost to lift my West Wight Potter up so I can paint the underside?

The ro-ro *Mika Mari* contained a large truck with transmission problems and it hit the starboard side of the ship causing a sudden list. The Philippines Coast Guard rescued 149 passengers and 18 crew. A vessel of the Jomalia Shipping Company, *Mika Mari* had ten additional vehicles and 3,200 liters of Diesel aboard that needed removal.

A cargo ship carrying cars overturned off the coast of Georgia. Evidently the ship encountered severe instability and meekly turned turtle. Four crew were missing, however, noises indicated that they might be alive but trapped in the engine room. A fire hindered rescuers. Within a day or so the four missing crewmembers were rescued.

Gray Fleet

The House Armed Services Committee typically is bipartisan, quick to agree on subcommittee plans, and very consistent, however; the full Committee rejected a plan to arm the submarine carried Trident missile with a new, small "tactical" nuclear warhead. Both Democrats and most Republicans claimed that any nuclear warhead is simply not tactical by any definition, commences an unwanted nuclear race and would immediately destroy the submarine upon lift off because it instantly gives away its position and type of missile launched.

Congresswoman Liz Cheney (Rep-Wyoming (yes, daughter of that Cheney)) loudly supported this hare brained scheme. The proponents wanted to eliminate the building of some future submarines in order to pay for this "small" nuclear bomb that happens to be larger than the one used on Hiroshima. Ms Cheney is the founder of Keep America Safe, a very conservative protectionist group with very hawkish orientations on foreign affairs (from *Seapower*, the magazine of the Navy League of the United States).

Congressman Peter DeFazio (D-Ore), chairman of the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, expressed frustration that his bill to ensure that members of the Coast Guard receive their salary even during a government shutdown was killed by budget rules. During President Trump's governmental shutdown several months ago, Coast Guard members worked although they received no pay during the period. This says a great deal about the dedication of our Coast Guard and a great deal about politicians. (FYI, the Federal Government recently ensured that the Coast Guard would be exempt from governmental shutdowns in the future).

The Navy is currently experimenting with the unmanned *Sea Hunter 2* as an element of the *USS Zumwalt* (DDG-1000), flagship for SURFDEVIRON (Surface Development Squadron or a new prescription painkiller). The unmanned ship, replete with the highest and newest technologies, has amazing potential for services. During the next two years SURFDEVIRON will be busy running a range of trials with *Zumwalt* and her sister ships, *Michael Monsoor* (DDG-1001) and *Lyndon Baines Johnson* (DDG 1002). The Office of Naval Research and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) developed *Sea Hunter*.

Capt Henry Adams told the Surface Navy Association, "SURFDEVIRON will be the Echelon IV belly button for fleet transition, integration and operations of medium and large USVs (as) a freight train with crew concepts, command and control and operation concepts still to be developed. A lot of work has to be done and we're going to be ISIC that does it." If that doesn't say it all, I don't know what does.

The *Harry S Truman* (CVN-75) experienced massive electrical distribution problems when it was supposed to be deployed in April but ended up in dry dock instead.

Still unable to operate, the *Truman* and the *Eisenhower* (CVN-69) are elements of the East Coast fleet of six carriers of which only *Eisenhower* is able to deploy. The CVN-64 *John Stennis* is undergoing nuclear refueling and is unavailable for deployment as well.

Perhaps the Defense Department needs to take a hard, frank and objective look at the naval defense policies that govern our Navy. The US maintains a strategy that the carrier is the primary means of maintaining peace and providing tactical support in combat operations. Perhaps the Navy is living in the realm of preparing for the last major war. Prior to WWII the US believed that the battleship would be the major sea weapon with the carriers operation in a support role. Of course, this entire strategy died on Sunday, December 7, 1941. Are we setting ourselves up for the same situation? The Bubbleheads (submariners), the Spooks (the cryptological community and the Unmanned Vehicle supporters think so. Food for thought anyway.

General Eisenhower once said he could sum up the reason for the WWII Allied victory in Europe in three words, "Logistics, logistics, logistics." The same can be said of the Pacific war. Critics slammed the Navy for not chasing the Japanese after the battle of Coral Sea when Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher chose to withdraw for fuel. Samuel Eliot Morison, the author of the 15 volume history of the Navy in WWII, even cited the fuel onboard each of Fletcher's ships to "prove" that Fletcher was too cautious. Morison and a generation of historians claimed Fletcher had more than enough fuel.

Unfortunately Dr Morison and his Harvard team did not ask the simple question, "How much fuel does a destroyer use in a day?" As clearly established in Fletcher's biography, destroyers used almost five times the fuel per hour when sailing at speeds necessary to keep up with carriers that were launching and recovering planes. Fletcher's forces had less than a day's fuel. Morison received a Pulitzer. Fletcher's biographer received nothing except the overall change in attitude of most historians.

This jaunt into history is important. The US had only three oiler/tankers allotted for the Pacific and one was in San Diego during the Pearl Harbor attack. One was sunk at Coral Sea. Fleets cannot move without supplies, ammunition and oil. No tankers, no battles.

The current US Navy is facing a critical shortage of transports, freighters and oilers. Congress and the White House love commissioning new carriers and submarines but no one gets excited about an oiler. Mr Trump and his military advisors desire a 355 ship fleet but America fails to have the support ships necessary to maintain the current fleet, let alone 355 ships. Even the Navy's own 30-year building plan reduced funding for logistical vessels.

Naval experts within their own ranks argue that the US needs to double cargo and ammunition ships that are under Military Sealift Command (the agency that uses civilian and military personnel aboard ships leased to or outright owned by the Navy). Worse, we are about 1,000 qualified mariners short of expected needs (the Merchant Fleet is also experiencing huge personnel shortages).

One option is the versatile Spearhead-class expeditionary fast ships (T-EPFs) that are aluminum 2,400' long catamarans able to carry 600 tons of roll on/roll off cargo and able to maintain speeds of 35 knots.

The *USNS Guam* (T-HST-1) is a former high speed ferry used in Hawaii but purchased by MSC to replace a leased ship. It can be packed and loaded in less than four hours with 880 Marines, 400 short tons of cargo as well as HumVees and Medium tactical Vehicles. It would take 14 C-130s to accomplish the same thing. Her commander had her zipping along at 40 knots at one transit in the Pacific. People have to remember, logistics, logistics, logistics.

Inland Waterways

The River Industry Executive Task Force (RIETF) and the Army Corps of Engineers recently met to discuss the condition of river commerce. REITF stated, bluntly, that commercial use of the nation's waterways is facing unprecedented challenges. They noted that 85 days were lost due to lock closures for repair. They cited that the Arkansas River, among others, has lengthy areas that are impassable due to sediment collections. Congress passed a \$100 million emergency bill to handle river issues, however, REITF and many others believe that another immediate \$43 million is required.

DNR is experimenting with a bio-acoustic fence (BAFF) at Barkley Dam on the Cumberland River to keep the Asian Carp from migrating. BAFF creates a fence of sound and light that staves off the highly sensitive fish. The Asian Carp not only over competes for food sources but also multiplies very rapidly. A female Asian Carp lays over one million eggs annually.

Dubuque (Iowa) Barge and Fleeting Service received a \$169,000 award to dredge 60,000 cubic yards of material near Lansing, Iowa. As my youth's homeport, Lansing is especially keenly watched by this hack. The Mississippi takes a very sharp bend at Lansing and barges hit the bridge on a regular basis. Huge cement cylinders were placed strategically to protect the old bridge. The big turn allows sediment to collect in the channel and dredging is required frequently.

The Blackhawk Bridge at Lansing has driven a contentious debate about its future. DNR, Army Corps of Engineers and commercial tow companies are strongly supporting a new bridge further downstream that would connect diagonally to the existing Wisconsin causeway. The current old bridge is a rare type of engineering work and sits beautifully at the foot of Mount Hosmer offering a beautiful view of the river. Locals are fighting to keep the elderly lady.

The *Waterways Journal* cited some interesting factoids. Every \$1 spent on the waterways ultimately accounts for \$1.86 in profits. Comparing the shipment of soybeans from Davenport, Iowa, and soybeans from Brazil to Shanghai, the US has a \$5.35 per ton advantage (well, if we weren't in an economic war with China). A study indicates that if the US spent an additional \$6.3 billion on infrastructure, 77,000 new jobs would be created, corn, soybeans shipping costs would drop 4% and an estimated \$72 billion in benefits would be added to the economy. Numbers, numbers, numbers. Who pays any attention to numbers?

White Fleet

Royal Caribbean's *Grandeur Of The Seas* set off for a lovely vacation cruise in the warmer climates but after one day at sea she returned to Baltimore with engine trouble. The cruise was cancelled. Meanwhile,

hurricanes have forced some of the company's ships to extend their voyages a few days and added stops at Cozumel to avoid rough weather.irate passengers need to understand that when you go to sea, you are under the command of Neptune and his weather. He also controls machinery.

Environment

Like many states, Iowa loves tourist dollars that have a propensity for rolling over seven times within a community. While Minnesota got most of the lake regions, Iowa managed to have a miniscule number of natural lakes and a few large manmade lakes. Lake Okoboji is important to the regional economy by dumping a whopping \$1 million per day during the peak summer season. The area includes wonderful bent grass championship golf courses, an amusement park, superior dining and commercial boat rides.

Nearby Clear Lake is another natural lake that remains embedded in our minds as the last site where Buddy Holly, Richie Valens and the Big Bopper played before dying in a plane crash. What Clear Lake and Lake Okoboji have in common goes deeply into the pocketbooks of the locals. Both have been closed to swimmers, skiers and beach enthusiasts because of E coli, microcystins, green algae and other pollutants. Closed beaches mean fewer tourists.

Meanwhile Governor Kim Reynolds opposed meaningful clean water legislation, refused to comply with federal water quality standards and ignored the studies that indicated that 50% of farm wells were contaminated. The *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, a very conservative Republican newspaper, has run a multitude of articles about water quality and recently compared Iowa with similar problems in Ohio and other states. Bluntly, few states are paying any attention to water quality even when health and wealth are being affected.

The Federal government is just as guilty. The White House says that water quality concerns are "fake news," outrageous Congressman Steve King (duh, R-Iowa) actually drank water from a toilet and Senators Chuck Grassley and Joni Ernst have openly opposed the Clean Water Act even though both are allegedly farmers.

The four mentioned political figures maintain a hard line party perspective that opposes additional state or federal mandates. I started my education career in New Hartford and I taught or coached three of Grassley's children. Deep in his heart and soul, Chuck firmly believes that less government is best for everyone. I grew to respect his deep rooted political philosophy and his consistency. Mr Grassley believes that he would rather be wrong about a few obvious situations that demand regulation than to be inconsistent. He clearly represents the very independent view of rural Iowa.

The reason for my continued rants about water and Iowa is simply because we are not alone. The same thing is happening in virtually every state. The US has hordes of folks who do not believe in climate change, water quality issues or that our environment is suffering in spite of a plethora of data, evidence and experience. Iowa is just one example.



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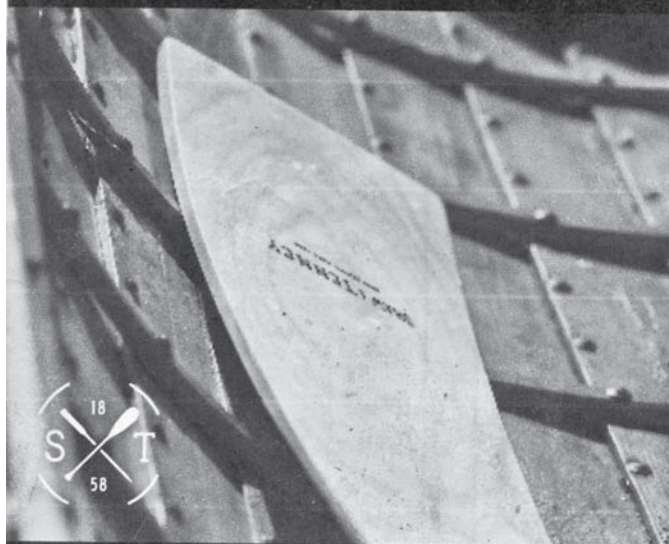
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I was 90% done with the big *Queen* with only 90% to go and decided that circumstances in our lives had changed and a big cruising boat may not be the right one for us. So I passed her on to Lonnie who will finish her and use her. Helen was sad to see her go but I'm happy that she is going to a great new home. I've spent about four years off and on to get this far, all the hard stuff is done but the thought of installing all of the systems (steering, electrical, a/c, fuel, plumbing, propane, etc) and probably not even using her was just too much. I got plans for a pretty but simple 23-footer that I'll start next.



So how do two old guys get this 37' boat out of its shed and onto its trailer? You sure as hell don't call up your other old friends to help, the more help you have the more advice you get and I find that very few people know how to do this kind of stuff. I seem to have a knack for it and Lonnie really does also. What we do is go rent one of these things. You all know how much I love playing with heavy equipment and Lonnie is even worse than me. Talk about kids in a candy store. If you rig it properly there's no heavy lifting involved.



We put a spreader bar across the skegs, hooked on a big long rope and pulled it out slick as a whistle. The twin skegs keep it from rolling over and the tractor had no problem pulling it. We figure the unfinished boat weighs about 2,000lbs. My buddy at the rental place hooked me up with a brand new four ton Yanmar. I've never used a new one of these kind of things. The ones I usually get are worn out and only half ass work. This one was as tight as a...., sorry I almost slipped up there.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Queen Anne Goes to a New Home

So it's out but now what, how do we get it up on the trailer? There are cars and trucks all over the place. We could have pulled it out of the shed with anything but now the excavator comes in to it's own. We dig a ramp, of course.



It helps being out in the country where we can do stuff like this. And who in their right mind would even think of something like this? Again, Lonnie and I think alike, it was the obvious way to do it. When we first talked about him taking it home, the first thing I said was, "I'll get an excavator" and he said, "We can bury the trailer." How many of you would have said that? And he made the slickest ramp you ever saw.



Just back her down in the ramp, leave the truck hooked up and pull the boat up onto the trailer. It was just that easy, no yelling or running around, just slide it on up.



Here she is pulled up and out of the ramp. We can do a lot of stuff with a machine like this. This one rents for \$350 a day including delivery and pickup, but they aren't open on weekends so if we get it on a Friday we can keep it till they pick it up on Monday and just pay for one eight hour day so we don't have to rush things. Smaller machines cost less but I wanted a big one for this.



The big fantail sections that close up the stern are finished and inside of the boat. They go on last so we can still get in and out of the boat easily. The motors bolt on to that curvy transom looking thing and are totally enclosed inside of the fantail.



All that is left to do is fill in the hole and pack it down, which is another fun thing to do. Lonnie drove into my yard at 8:00 this morning and he pulled out going home at 11:30. And we had a lot of fun doing it.

And here she is all safe and sound at her new home. The hull looks kind of stubby in the back but imagine another 7' of red hull extending on back. This hull was originally a racing sailboat; a C&C Mega 30. I stripped it down to a bare hull, reinforced the hell out of it and made this, we'll see how Lonnie finishes it up.



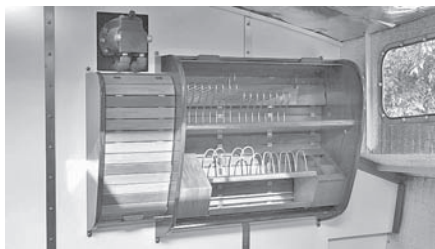
The Engine Room Bulkhead

These are the engine room bulkhead liners. Instead of trying to hide my three seams, I'm simply covering them up with some handsome 1 1/2" brass strips.

Now that the bulkhead is done, I can finish installing the last of my cedar planking. The stove is not in its actual position. I had to move it out of the way to make the pieces.



Helge's dish cabinet is securely attached to the steel bulkhead stiffeners behind the wooden liner.



I'd like to thank Weems and Plath for their professionalism. *Helge's* tide clock turned up defective. The clock was a gift from my dad. They replaced its inner workings without a receipt, no questions asked.



The Forward Cabin's Cedar

It sure smells nice in here!



The Building of *Helge*

A George Buehler Diesel Duck

Part 3

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.

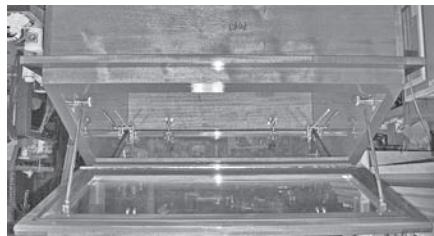
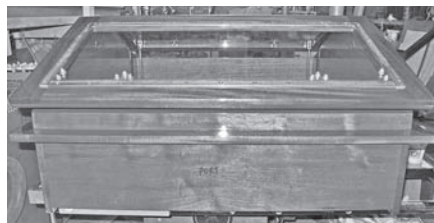
The Aft Cabin's Butterfly Hatch

I love a boat with a butterfly hatch. I decided to build one for *Helge's* aft cabin. As with the forward cabin's hatch, the aft one is made from 3/4" mahogany boards that are laminated together. Laminated boards offer more stability against warping than solid ones do.

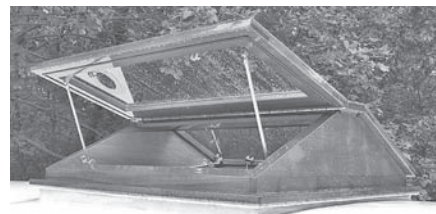
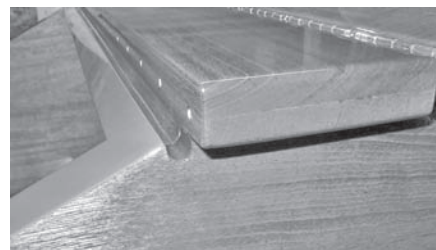
Traditionally butterfly hatches have protective metal bars over their glass. *Helge's* glass is made of Lexan. You can jump up and down on it without doing much harm. During my designing phase I figured I didn't need these protective bars. Do you think the hatch looks naked without them? Perhaps in the future I'll have some cast bronze ones made similar to *Mondego*.



When the hatch is finally installed, its lower edge will be trimmed to match the interior's overhead.



Butterfly hatches are notorious leakers. Most sailors wouldn't want one over their bunk. To fight this leaking tradition, I placed a trough directly under the piano hinges to gutter the water away.



The Forward Folding Door

The forward opening has an odd shape. Instead of constructing a sliding door and top, I made a folding door. The top section of a sliding door would use too much headroom and the sliding door itself would interfere with the stove's hot water plumbing. A folding door solves both space and shape problems.

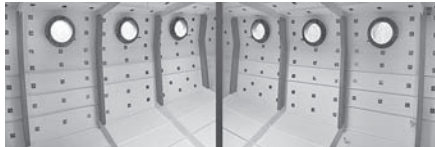
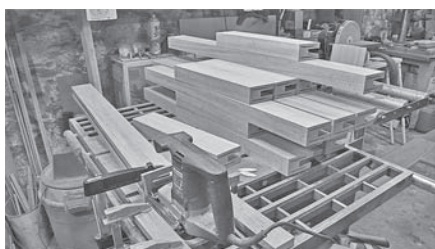
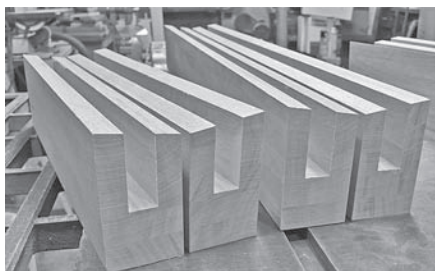
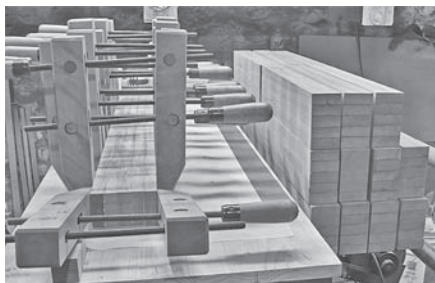


The folding door's lean complements the dish locker's slope.



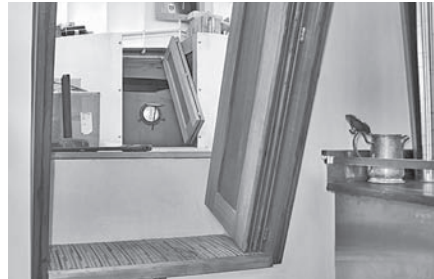
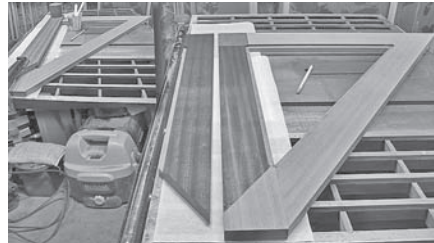
The Aft Cabin Frames

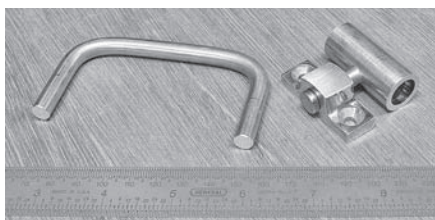
The aft cabin frames are similar in construction to the forward ones. Cedar slats will be "planked" in between them. The mahogany frames will be varnished and the cedar oiled. I've been cautioned to build the aft cabin area as light as possible. All eight frames weigh less than 75lbs.



The Aft Cabin Folding Door

I like the functionality and look of the forward cabin's folding door, so much so that I've built one for the aft cabin as well.



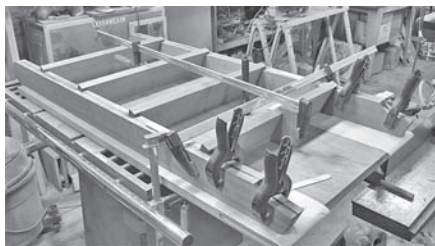
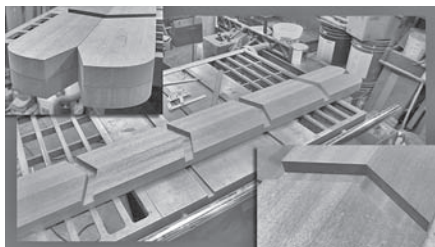


Instead of using the centerline to pivot the door, I used its edge. By doing this, the overall width increases slightly when it's open. This "growth" keeps the door securely shut, offered by the foam gasket's elasticity. The door opens and closes with a nice snap.



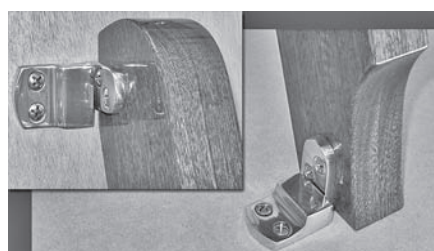
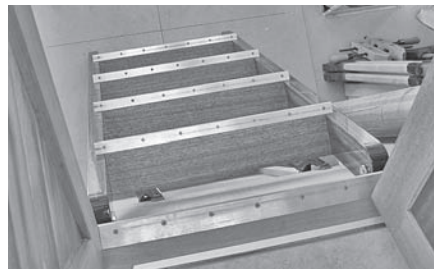
The Aft Cabin Stairs

Originally I planned to build a chest of drawers that would double as stairs going aft. Unfortunately the steep angle required to maintain proper head clearance made that impractical. I built a simple ladder instead. I'm hoping to find a small captain's chest and slip it behind the ladder to make use of the wasted space.

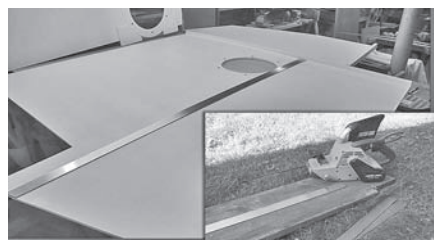
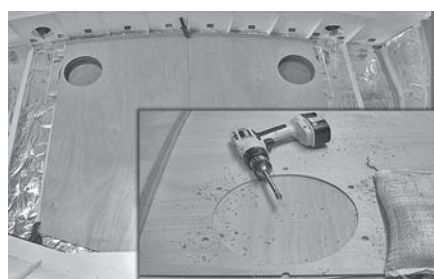
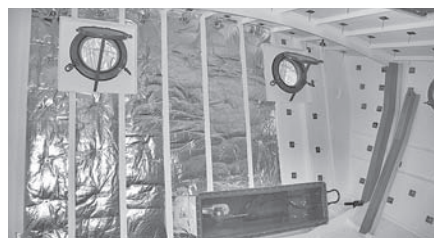


I used Deks Olje #1 oil on the steps and their #12 varnish on the ladder rails. To smooth out the grain, #12 requires wet sanding with #600 grit paper. This is done between the fifth and sixth coats.

Deks Olje #2 has a very long open time, it remains tacky after eight hours. Because of this, *Helge's* ladder has collected every speck of dust that was floating free in New England. When the #12 has completely cured I'll apply a single coat of more traditional varnish.



Planking the Aft Cabin in Cedar
The frames and cedar weigh under 200lbs.



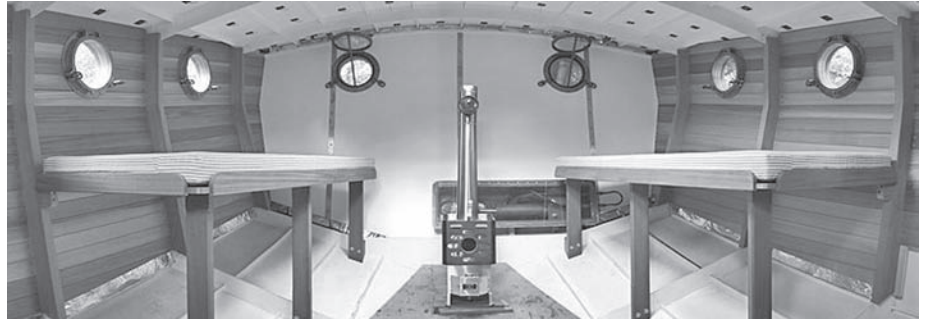
The wooden hull illusion is accented by the flush mounted portholes.



The Bunks

Many boats have a single, massive, heliport style bed. I prefer a smaller bunk. Cuddling and sleeping are two separate things. When it's time for sleep, I like my own space. I built two individual bunks to suit this fancy. By placing the bunks against the hull, I've made room for *Helge's* Dickenson heater.

For clothes storage I've decided to install shelves below the bunks vs enclosing them in drawers. Shelves will make better use of the odd storage space. The hull angle is so steep that the drawers would be short and few. Another benefit to the shelf idea is better air circulation below the bunks. This should keep condensation to a minimum.



Helge's mattresses were made by Bonnie Foam in Allston, Massachusetts. Jerry always does top notch work. They consist of 2" of medium firmness foam topped with 2" of soft. The slip covers are zipper removeable for dry cleaning. The mattresses are held securely in place with Velcro.

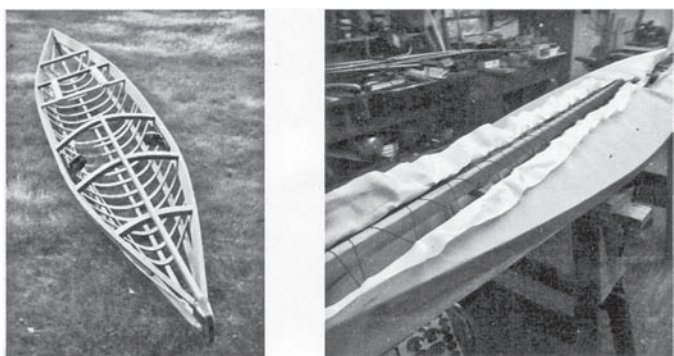
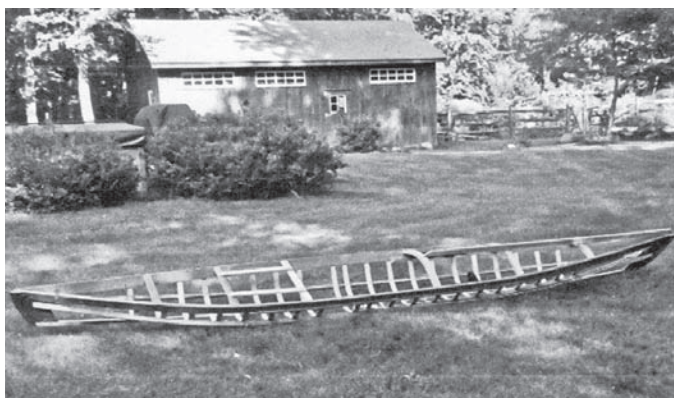




Traditional Kayak Takes Shape in Old Lyme

This just in from Mike Magee down Old Lyme way. You may remember his beautiful fresh out of the shop Jersey Beach Skiff at June's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. Well, he has not been idle since. He is deep into building a pair of traditional Greenland style Kayaks.

He comments, "I am building two skin on frame Cape Falcon F-1 kayaks for Sarah and I. They have been a tremendous amount of fun to build. Watch videos, cut some stuff to important measurements and then build by eye. Lash it all together and add some pegs. Then comes the intimidating part, sewing the on ballistic nylon. Are you familiar with Cape Falcon? I like Brian Shultch methods, which I think he derives from the original natives who developed the methods. It seems there is not much to fear, the system is self correcting." Visit CapeFalconKayaks.com and take a quick look at the F 1. A lot of performance for a 14' boat!.



Traditional Kayak Takes Shape in Old Lyme

Brian Cooper and crew (lately Larry Magee, Henk Hoets, John Unverzagt) have been busy this summer lofting, building molds and now laying out the planks. Brian found a source for white oak in Manchester, Connecticut (Parkerville Wood Products) and laminated a stem. He has been making patterns for stem and transom before putting saw or chisel to valuable wood.

Bottom type ($\frac{3}{8}$ " ply) has been decided ("will most probably trailer sail"). Email is a wonderful thing, when questions arise many voices chime in. Full Keelson, yea or nay? Carl Kaufman, Ben Fuller and Peter Vermilya all weighed in. Answer, nay! The deciding factor? Ease of bailing. Floorboards? Yet to be decided. "Only wish I had put them in my skiff."

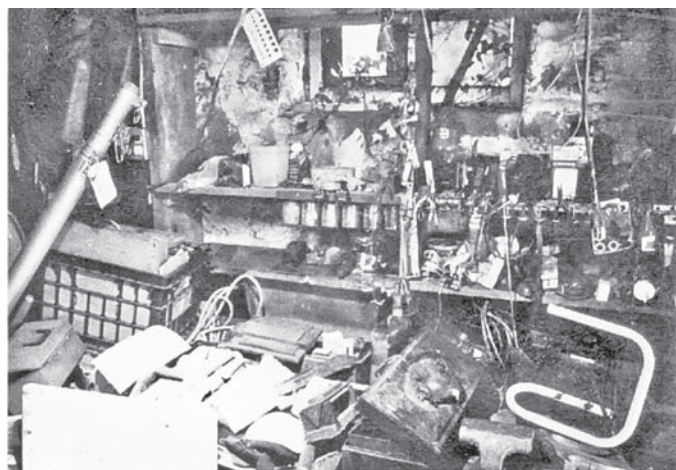


View From the Side Deck

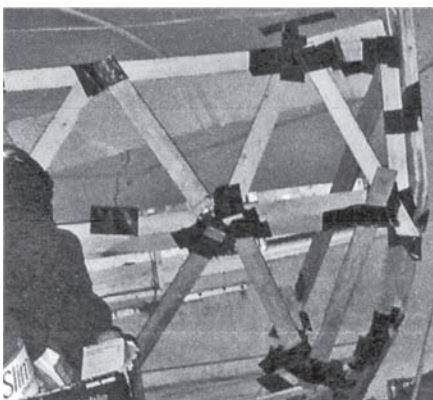
Rob Pittaway invited us over to the house he just sold to paw through the basement workshop. A lifetime of old tools lying on the bench, a bit rusty perhaps but with memories of boats built and half models carved. Henk Hoets and Peter Vermilya found a few gems that could, after some polishing and sharpening, re enter service. A convex drawshave. A couple of drafting ducks Rob himself cast. A ball peen hammer given him by John Gardner. Thank you, Rob, for sharing.

How to Navigate in Fog (From a Lobsterman in Maine)

"You're lucky. You're on the East Coast. Just like Columbus, if lost, head west. You'll come to land. When close, put a bushel of Maine potatoes on your foredeck and every once in a while, grab one and heave it as hard as you can and listen for the splash. If no splash, you're there. Drop anchor."



First, here is an update on the frame design. The first one is the one I submitted in Part XXX. The second one is a very rough three dimensional rough sketch of the latest modification.



It started out as an aesthetic choice but, as often happens, it may turn out to be the best from a structural standpoint as well. I remember reading a while back (in some classic boat building tome) the saying, "If it looks right, it is right." I hope that will prove true in this case.

Meanwhile, I've been running into some quandaries about the assembly sequence. The original idea was to have the skin attached to the longitudinal frames and then folded together with those, as I did in the episode in which I took *Dancing Chicken* to church with me (Part XXI). The lateral frames would then be dropped in and attached.

There are problems with that idea which I've noticed while working on the lateral frames. One is that the best attachment scheme I've come up with so far needs access to the outside of the frames to work the best, and that probably becomes more difficult after the skin has been attached to the longitudinal frames. It probably doesn't become impossible, because of the versatility of the design, but it probably does become lots more difficult.

I'm saying "probably" because I took the skin off of the longitudinal frames to work on the lateral frames to make sure they'd end up fitting. So now I don't have the "hands on" information I need on order to know for sure how the attachments will work, or not. To find that out I'll probably have to reattach the skin, which I will probably do later.

One other idea would be for the lateral frame structure to fold and at the launch site be unfolded and attached to the longitudinal

Dancing Chicken A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part XXXI

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frames. Next the skin, having been converted (with appropriate adhesives, etc) into essentially a contiguous piece, is then put on over the frames and attached. Hmmm. That does sound a bit complicated. One other option would be to construct the frames, attach the skin, add the gunnels, oarlocks, seat, etc, and just take her out like that, as a non folding sectional.

So here I am, continuing to twiddle which is, for one thing (as I've no doubt mentioned before, definition stated in Part XXV), an empirical method of gleaning information. In the process of this probably, to quote Meawber (from Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*), "Something will turn up."

Wait. Hold it a minute. I really think I'd better have more information before I go any further in this direction. The frames aren't totally finished in that they need more fasteners, but by now I know enough about the capabilities of Gorilla tape so that I think it will work for this experiment. I plan to fold the lateral frames (after improvising Gorilla tape hinges) and detach them from the longitudinal frames. Next I plan to reattach the skin to the longitudinal frames with Gorilla tape (which shouldn't take long, I've already done that at least twice during this project).

At that point I'll be able to get the hands on information I need for making these ongoing design decisions. I also just remembered that I have a tool catalog stored in the Bronco in which there may be ideas for hardware that might work. Hmmm.

Aha. The tool catalog in the Bronco wasn't too helpful but I just found that old Hamilton Marine catalog for which I've been looking for ages. Perhaps more aha, hose clamps, door hooks and gudgeons and pintles! I have mentioned those door hooks and gudgeons and pintles before (Parts XXV and XXVII). Then, just now, while perusing the small hardware section of the catalog, I suddenly noticed those hose clamps. I have always perceived hose clamps as delightfully ingenious. Now it looks to me like they may be the solution to one of the conundra this project faces.

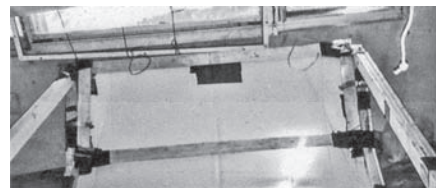
Meanwhile, I need to fold these frames and attach this skin. Then, first chance I get after Labor Day, I need to stop in at my friendly neighborhood hardware store and obtain a bunch of hose clamps.

OK, here we are, after Labor Day and also after several false starts during one of which I almost gave up on the hose clamp idea. Here's a photo of one of the hose clamps attached experimentally to one of the longitudinal frames and a piece of lath the same width as the lateral frames.



This is just as a preliminary experiment since the turning mechanism will have to be inside the boat in actual operation. I mostly just wanted to see if it looked like it would actually work and, so far, it looks like it might.

OK, so here in the first photo is *Dancing Chicken* with the basic (no triangles in yet) bow member frame attached to the longitudinal frames with hose clamps. The second photo is a close up of one of the hose clamps in place. It seems to be working (I may add more hose clamps later but as an initial experiment, I think so far so good).



I'm delighted, amazed and also somewhat chagrined when I think back on that moment when I considered discarding the hose clamp idea. This is especially true in view of the intertwiningly providential events leading up to a moment that occurred while I was twiggling around to try to find the most efficient method of tightening the hose clamps.

Occasionally I pick up small hardware items I find at yard sales, thrift stores, etc. One of these was one of those little rubber blocks with holes in them to hold various bits for electric or manual screwdrivers. As usual in such cases, I reflected at the time that there were some of them for which I couldn't foresee ever having a use but, of course, they were all interesting so I added them to my collection of miscellaneous things. Then I didn't think about them for years (except a few times when I had to move them to make room for something else). About four of them were recessed hexes of various sizes.

So there I was, in the above mentioned process of twiggling with the frames and wondering about the best ways to tighten the hose clamps when getting ready to launch. I'd tried using a regular flathead screwdriver for tightening those, and it did sort of work, but at the angles at which I had to work it had a tendency to slip off sideways. I'd thought about trying to improvise something to prevent this but then suddenly a picture of that little rubber block with the bits in it flashed into my mind. Hmmm. Would one of those recessed hexes fit my screwdriver? Oh, ho! Very nifty! So then I tried using it to tighten the hose clamps which also elicited a major chortle.

So here I am helping *Dancing Chicken* try on her new things. Will these new puzzle pieces really work as well as I hope they will? At this point they seem to be pretty much "so far so good."

We shall see.

Harvesting Black Willow and Red Osier Dogwood

Some time ago Bob suggested that I write a piece on why I like to use willow rods and red osier dogwood in my skin-on-frame boats. A simple answer is that it's fun. I start in the fall, scouting for stands of willow and red osier dogwood, locally known as red willow. Trees are not what I want but rather the shoots, called rods in the US and withes in the British Isles, growing in bunches with "wet feet." To find them, I walk back roads that run along the margins of wet areas, places where brooks run through flat terrain. The swamp maples are beginning to turn red and the days smell of early fall when asters bloom beside chicory and Queen Anne's lace.



By early November, when the leaves are off the willow, I return to harvest. This is the best time, although I can gather willow anytime the leaves are off the plants. Wearing rubber boots and bringing sharp garden clippers and loppers, I cut willow rods that are $\frac{3}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick at the butt end and about 4' long. If the boat I'm building is 14' long, I'll need at least 52 rods for the ribs. If I plan to weave a stringer, I'll need 52 somewhat lighter rods. Typically I gather about 120, not necessarily on the same day. Willow and red osier dogwood rods can be easily bent up to a month after they are harvested. Once dry, they simply need to be soaked for 12 to 24 hours.

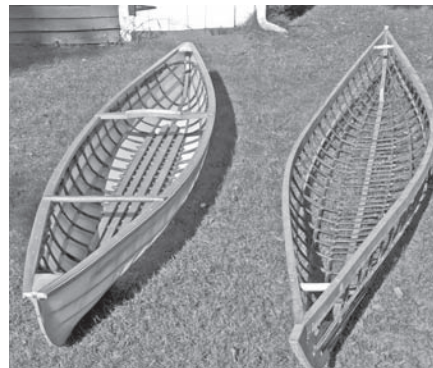
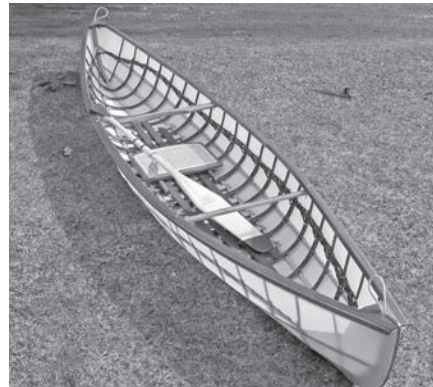
Trimming and Installing the Rods

Back at the shop I trim the rods, leaving the butt end square cut and just over $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick. The narrow end should not remain thick enough to offer support. Then I tenon the butt ends to $\frac{3}{8}$ " round. These days I use a tenon cutter. More simply, however, I can whittle the butt down to something close to $\frac{3}{8}$ ", then force the rods through a $\frac{3}{8}$ " hole drilled through hardwood. If the fit is not perfect, I can secure it later with a small wedge or a glue wood powder mix.

If I have not done so already, I glue together the pre bent inwale and the gunwale. Note the three methods shown in the photos.

Willow and Red Osier Dogwood for Ribs and Stringers

By Hilary Russell



Next I fit them in forms along the strongback, glue and screw the gunwales to the decks, and drill $\frac{3}{8}$ " mortises 6" apart along the gunwales. Then I insert the rods into the mortises.



Shaping the Rods and Weaving a Stringer

At this point, if I'm intending weave the sheer stringer, I do so while the rods and weavers can be pushed back and forth as I weave the stringer between them. This is an interesting process, especially if you have not done it before. When I wove my first stringer I had excellent help from weaver Wendy Jensen, a well known weaver (<http://www.wendygjensenbaskets.com>).

Once the weave is complete, I begin to bend the willow rods into place.



At first this seems daunting, but as I add stringers, the tangle begins to take shape nicely.

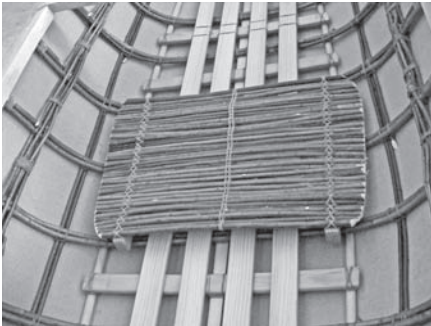


At last with the stringers attached to the stems looking fair and symmetrical, I'll have a nice looking craft.

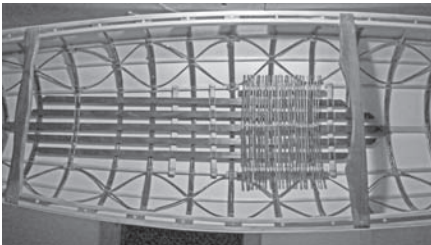


More Options

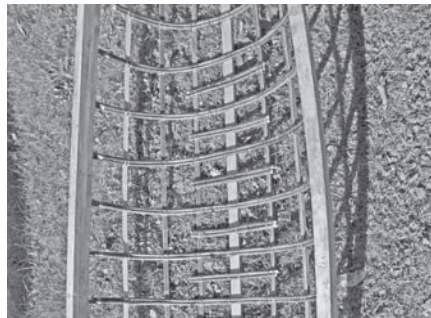
If I want a willow or a red osier dogwood stringer that is flatter than a woven one and much easier to install, I just lash a line of rods to the outside of the ribs. Using rods about 1/2" thick at the butt, I arrange them so that as one rod begins to thin out to less than 1/2" thick, I add on an overlapping rod. Lashing the rods to the ribs as I go along, I keep the total thickness to about 1/2".



Here are some other options:



Using only the willow and/or red osier dogwood ribs creates the cleanest arrangement, one that underscores the efficacy of these doubled, lashed, lightweight rods. When I build these canoes, I use brass stembands, screws to attach the rubrails and either a cane or a modern foam seat to make the point that these sturdy ribs can stand on their own in a contemporary context.

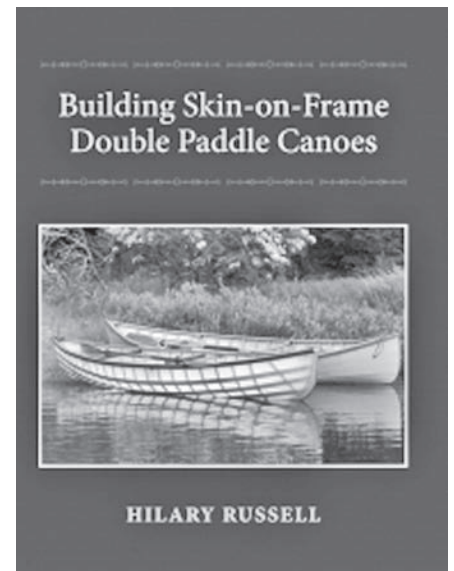



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The DD25 first made its appearance on the cover of the September 1993 issue of *Afloat!* magazine. Dennis Davis, the designer, describes the boat in his catalog as a “stem head flattie with rockered keel line for solo adult sailing or two children, will take two adults for rowing/sculling. Rig with 6’0”x7’0” (nominal) tarpaulin ‘sail’ or a purpose made lugsail. Uses 6mm ply, dimensions in inches and mm. 7’8” long x 48” beam (2335 x 1220mm), 36.6sf sail (13.39 m).”

Knowing that I was writing this article, Dennis wrote to me saying “...it might be worth mentioning that the design came into being when a fiberglass/resin supplier asked me to design a small dinghy that could be built by two people in a weekend (less paint) to be used in ‘quick and dirty’ charity boat building competitions, the finished boats to be sold at auction on the Sunday evening for the charity(s) involved. We started the ball rolling by organizing a small boat rally on a local water reservoir that included the boat building. It took off well when a group of local primary schools (7-11) each built one (with parental/teacher supervision), mostly with very interesting personal innovations, eg, built in buoyancy, beautiful paintwork by the children and sails by parents.”

The building method is stitch and glue. The plans include step by step instructions along with a large diagram with measurements and drawings of all parts. Dennis responded to my questions sent by email and was most generous in providing building tips when I had trouble with the sides warping in, decreasing the beam. Apparently the epoxy resin had not sufficiently cured when I removed the concrete block from the bottom of the boat.

Dennis himself had not encountered the problem, probably due at least to some differences between my materials and those he had used. My resin cured slowly. My plywood was quite stiff. Dennis urged me to maintain the 48” beam as a narrower beam would decrease the boat’s stability. Fortunately, with his help the problem was overcome. For additional hull support I also made the gunwales/inwales out of four laminations total as opposed to just two. Dennis later recommended, to avoid problem with stiff plywood, the boat might better be made using 4mm plywood.

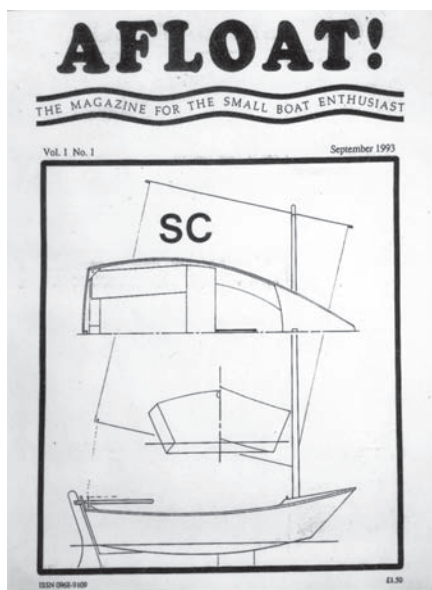
The icing on the cake? Building expense was minimal, far less than comparable kit boats and more attractive to my taste than some of the kits I investigated. The included photos track the building process and culminate in the maiden voyage.

Dennis Davis is a contemporary of Percy Blandford and Ken Littlelyke. He has designed a variety of boats, although is most closely associated with his round bilge, compounded (tortured) plywood kayak designs. His best known kayak, the DK13, received considerable publicity through a “how to build” article in the May/June 1986 issue of *WoodenBoat* magazine and the kayak building workshops he led at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.

His book, *The Book of Canoeing*, published in 1969 by Arthur Barker Limited, London, provides photographs and expanded instructions for building his kayaks. Information about all of Dennis Davis’ designs and building plans can be found on his website, www.dennisdavisdesigns.weebly.com.

The DD25 Sailboat

By Arthur Strock
arthurstrock@comcast.net



Love at first sight, 1993. Sent for the plans and began building 23 years later.



Favorite Tools: A joy to use by Dewalt, Bosch, Craftsman, and Porter Cable.

Building Materials: Quarter inch pine exterior plywood, plastic resin glue and 1/1 mix epoxy, bronze, brass and copper fasteners, hand picked 2”x3”s, old teak and scrapyard brass.



Assembling the cut pieces: Wood blocks under each end of the boat and a concrete block inside set the rocker and sheer.



Transom’s in, finally. What a struggle bending the sides.



Even with the first layer of fiberglass tape on bottom seams, the sides closed in. HELP! Two concrete blocks (60lbs), temporary thwarts and four plies for gunwales (rather than two) stabilized the dimensions.



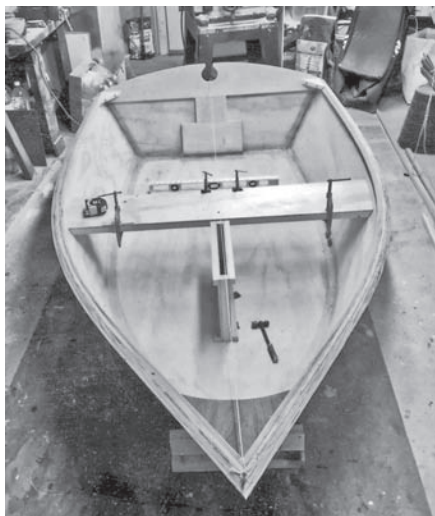
Epoxy saturation of hull and fiberglass tape for exterior of seams.

Skeg.





40-year-old Bruynzeel scraps came in handy for the bow.

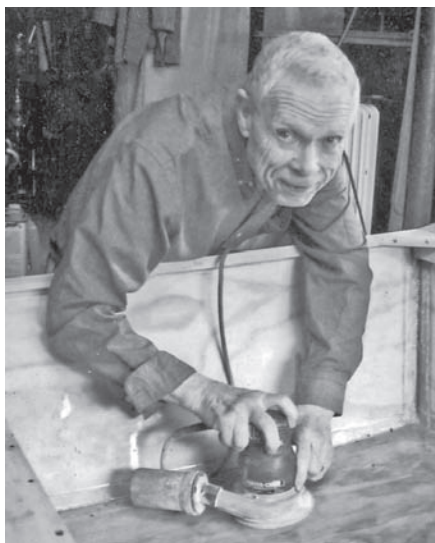


Centerboard and seat/thwart installed.

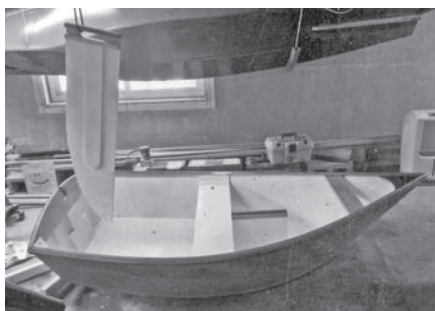


More epoxy.

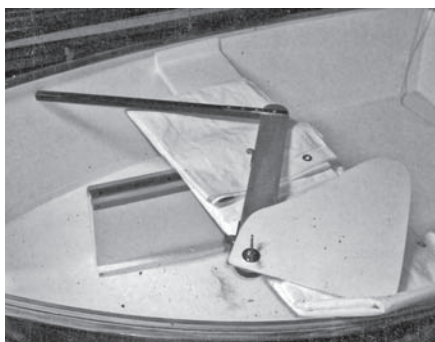
More sanding.



Centerboard and rudder.



First coat of paint.

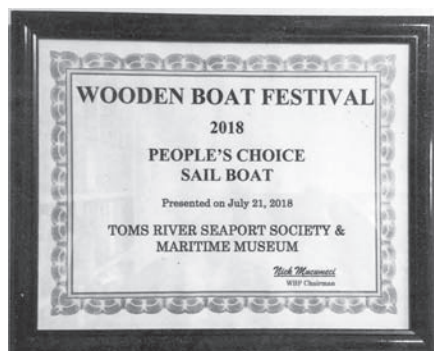


Home Depot porch and deck enamel does wonders. The rudder was modified to swing for shallow launch sites. Rectangular white tarp for alternate sail.



DD 25's stablemates. Left to right with designers' names: Micromouse, grey color (Gavin Atkin), DD25 (Dennis Davis), Toto (Jim Michalak), PBK 56, Gannet (Percy Blandford) under construction.

Perfect fit for a Toyota Corolla.



Wooden Boat Festival People's Choice Award.



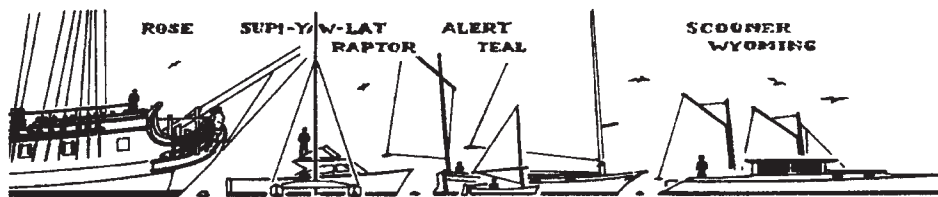
Toms River Seaport Society Boat Festival, Toms River, New Jersey, even before its first launch.



DD 25 *Su-Z-Q*. Designer: Dennis Davis. Builder: Arthur Strock. Sailmaker: Ken Dingsor.

The *Su-Z-Q* moves with the slightest puff of wind.





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Yes, we just looked at her in the March 2018 issue on pp 48-50 and that piece was in part based on Phil's recollections on designing her here in *MAIB* on pages 28-29 of the January 15, 2004 issue. So this is number three out of likely four pieces on her, with number four due likely late next year.

Why this focus? As you zoom in on a shot or two in this piece, you'll notice on her the Massachusetts Boat Registration MS 1959 EH, in essence a "vanity plate as in (well) "Massachusetts 1959 Egg Harbor." That makes her 60 years old this year, certainly a date worth commemorating in this modest format here, one of about 110 hulls with varying layouts built.

Had one of life's darker realities not interfered over the last year, the owner family would have celebrated their and the boat's serious accomplishment in grander style this year. However, that was not meant to be with the remaining restoration work on her much delayed. Hence my planning for a fourth piece of her in 2020 once the final stretch of repairs and refreshing cosmetics will be completed for her to strut her stuff in local if not regional New England waters. Nevertheless, time to pay tribute to her on her 60th birthday. Time for a visit.

In the two *MAIB* pieces the genesis of the design between Egg Harbor's initial thinking and then Phil's design rationale design was discussed, meaning that you may want to go back to these to understand why she is like this. In this issue we want to concentrate on admiring her continued existence as a wooden production boat, one of quite a few built for a growing market triggered by the expanding postwar prosperity when more folks could aspire to get a craft, for family and friends, often just for day boat use, some sport fishing, diving, perhaps even attempting to tow a water skier towards her 20knots speed, always promising more adventures with episodes of outright coastal cruising.

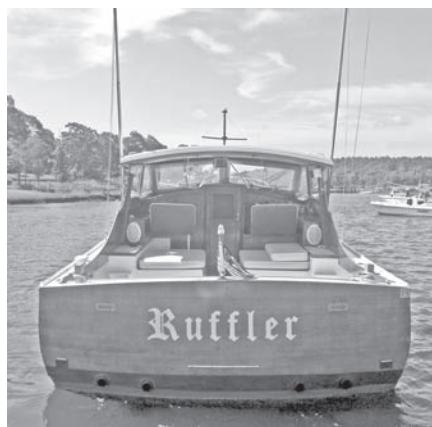
Ruffler has lived in this family for over 38 years with one of the kids almost born aboard her, lots of growing up in the boating season based in a tidal river with fishing, diving, a series of annual trips up to Boston for the Fourth of July celebration and fireworks on the Charles River Basin, exploring whatever waters within reach along Massachusetts Bay's sandy and rocky stretches of shoreline. They'd mostly remember the good times and ignore greenheads and rained out weekends, recall a few episodes of fright in unexpectedly heavier weather where, between good boat handling and her bow flare picking her up just in time to keep that flying water mostly white, before it could have become mostly green to harshly test her structure. A pleasure boat indeed giving lots of pleasure across decades. Only one of the owners is some older than *Ruffler*.

Built in conventional wooden boat construction on the usual keel and skeg backbone, steam bent frames for her free flowing shape and standard planking practices, much

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #540 in *MAIB*

Design #5-57 "Egg Harbor 31"
 31'0"x11'0"x2'6"
 Twin 125hp Gasoline Inboard Engines
 21knots - Displacement 9,000lbs



Ruffler a few years back on her mooring in the tidal river on Massachusetts Bay, lots of style, lots of varnish, lots of cockpit for the family.

of that hull here appears indeed original, with repair here or there, but all in one piece after 60 years. As already touched on in the last piece on her, for instance, her house sides are wide continuous pieces of fine mahogany, varnished again and again to keep that glory from cracking, rotting, just giving out across endless cycles of sun, rain, heat, cold, muggies and dry crisp winter frost. Her whole interior is original, as in dark varnished mahogany, with all the original fittings, handles, pulls, the icebox ready for that chunk of ice, the head more or less as built into this 1959 model.

For power, sunk into that wide open cockpit under varnished motor boxes, twin V-8 small block gasoline engines driving the twin shafts on struts, turning now four bladed props. The type apparently also came with straight sixes and three bladed props, matters that evolved during production and then likely across this long arc of use and thus wearing out blocks, heads, gearboxes, shafts, bearings. However, no tragic upgrading her drive train, unlike the odd case Phil had discussed in 2004 of the owner of a sister-ship not understanding this hull model and thus dropping too much power of too much weight into her, plus adding weight forward and aloft to find her misbehaving, quite apart from that saltwater periodically washing in through what once were freeing ports while at rest tied up.

Named *Ruffler* since before her current owners of 38 years, we'd first assume that to refer to one of the less well known aquatic

birds. However, *Sibley's* birding field guide does not mention any such. Webster's Dictionary offers a series of meanings of ruffle, including "to destroy the smoothness or evenness of," "to erect (the feathers) as a bird in anger," "to become noisy and disturbing," "a disturbed state of mind." Another source mentions a ruffler to be a vagabond rogue, ruffian, bully or beggar of the 16th/17th century often professing to be an injured soldier. Unless, of course, this boat was paid for by selling sewing machines.

As so often is the case, there is probably a very personal reason for her name, now left uncertain across at least 38 of her 60 years, however distinct on its own, memorable in combination with her distinctive looks.

Let's look at her high and dry under a stout shed structure and study the owners' efforts to do what are ultimately comparatively minor repairs from damage mostly due to freshwater intrusions, again confirming that it is rainwater that does boats in over time, much less likely the saltwater, the mighty ocean on which the hull often lives. She could have actually sunk when in her first years her first owner ran into a dead-head on the Hudson River, however, at such a favorable angle that the stem cracked but did not result in a catastrophic hull breach to sink her.

That stem reinforcement inside is one of the many elements of the narrative of her current owners explaining her structure, details, experiences, daily uses from across so many boating seasons. A healed bone break, an almost invisible injury, an indication of an active life.

Minor pieces of labor were e.g., the removal and refinishing of the battens holding the fabric cover in place on the underside of her house top, seemingly minor eye candy that, however, suggests focus on keeping her what she was when she was first launched.

A much bigger project was replacing that varnished transom, so much of her signature array of styling elements essential to keep looking good and, more importantly, to keep that hull structurally sound. And yet, across 60 years being able to show off that stern view without embarrassment has its own rewards, clearly outweighing the headaches involved in such a piece of surgery by who clearly are determined owners, but not folks who do all this as lifelong paying work, professionals who go through hulls like this as routine commercial projects, well paid for by someone else.

Across all these decades the guiding philosophy appears to have been one of regular maintenance, then avoiding following fashionable shenanigans, instead pursuing the interest of keeping her original, meaning she is as she was, a coherent exercise as intended by Phil and by the Egg Harbor boat builders and sales folks two generations ago. She has retained her shape, has not seen her varnished exterior surfaces buried under refrigerator white coats of paint with even the

smoothness of her planking above the waterline barely suggesting the natural follow lots of planking joints we'd have get really close to see, more of an affirmation that she is indeed a wooden boat. Even that Egg Harbor name script is still there:



In a secure location, her stout winter quarters under roof fit to shed New England snow loads, surrounded with scaffolding, fresh mahogany stock, good lighting, everything to support restoration work.



Her signature well flared deep sharp bow Phil had discussed in the earlier *MAIB* piece mentioned above, with her topsides still smooth after 60 years. That spray rail adds to her sleek lines, although she might be all right without it, as thin as it is. Later in his working life Phil would rather see the bow shaped such that it would not require that addition, with perhaps a more pronounced rub rail cross section to serve as an aerodynamic stop to let white water fly no further up and over the boat.



A standard twin screw setup with bronze prop struts, props, rudders and that skeg between them for structural support of the hull, some protection for the props in shallow waters, and yet not too long or deep to make her harder to turn.



#5. Here that slicing fine bow shape from below and abaft, the old anti fouling paint soon to be scraped to receive a fresh coat for the next season. The dry planking will take up once she's had a chance to get wet again.



Better get replacements cast or cut pronto, just in case. One might only hang the originals for some Antique Boat Show dramatics.



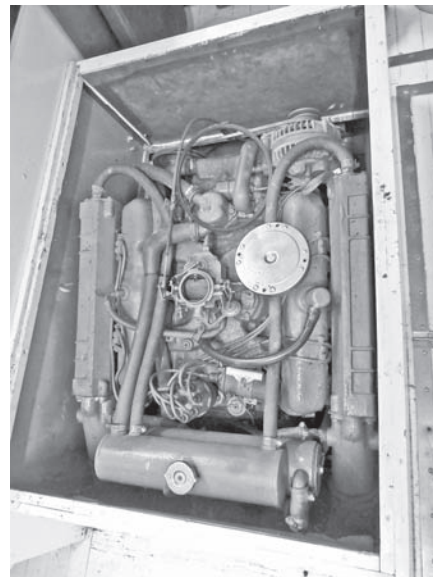
Deep blue boot top 2" above her actual waterline with cockpit freeing ports some 6" over the water. Today we might want larger rudders to enhance economical single screw maneuvering, that discussion part of getting her ready for 2020.



The round plug will receive the stanchion for that fighting chair for serious inshore and offshore fishing. Scuba diving has been on the agenda as well with the original folding transom ladder still on hand. The full height corner towing bits as shown in her original drawings, something the owners are particularly fond of in terms of rugged ready to hand utility. And varnish.



A welcoming entrance aboard, more glossy wood surfaces, practical storage boxes left and right, even a filler piece aboard to fit between the engine boxes for sleeping across them.



One of two mildly tuned small block V8 gasoline engines with a single throat carburetor, a tight fit, but apparently proven across time. Just not an installation to need pulling spark plugs while the block is still hot. We'll run home on the other engine. Or may even look for straight sixes again.



Twin screw helm as of 1959, including that ingenious variable seat geometry. And more varnish.

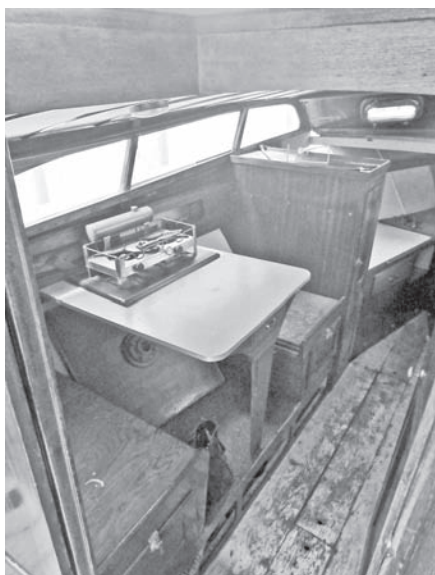




And here on the other side is that seat geometry set up for copiloting sitting or standing. Note the bottom hinged door panel in the companionway door that lets in more light and screened air if folded down on the door's inside face.



Both panels in that two panel windshield open, top hinged and that framed glass panel well controlled with that sliding screw down pushrod geometry for wide open wind in our face under the hardtop shade.



A few steps down, below in the cabin the dinette to portside, with that stove typically on the other side in the galley. Floorboards and surfaces well used, but original, and readily refreshed once more.



The galley with the flush sink cover and an actual (non electrical) icebox below, powered by a solid chunk of ice as needed. Latches, hinges, etc, all original.



Looking across the galley towards the dinette with cushions missing, of course, for those benches and the vee berths forward in the bow.



Varnish and vee berths deep under her foredeck. These windows are top hinged, with the mid window in her sides opening as well, plus a vent on the foredeck.



Rotten waterways under reconstruction in the approach once chosen by the builders at Egg Harbor using plain mahogany plank-ing. Note her varnished house sides, plus the hardware to fly her outriggers. All her glass appears original.



#19. Here her structure connecting topsides with sides decks and cabin trunk. Here and there evidence of original marks by the builders to keep their heads straight as they assembled this one in that series of some 110 hulls. In this rebuilding process in several places, the structural precedent is followed as far as possible for ready guidance.



#20. Some of the rainwater caused decay in various corners looks intimidating to the novice, except that in the context of her sound overall structure, e.g., lots of intact smooth planking below a limited length of punky wood, these challenges may shrink some, to be approached one spot at a time, preferably with a sensible sequence planned where several problems go on concurrently. Certain "chicken and egg" challenges may require head scratching and cautious movements, something, however, these owners are well familiar with, by now old hands at such episodes across their 38 years living with her. In her 61st year just about now, she clearly is some 95+% intact, good, ready for paint or varnish for a fine appearance. The rest is nibbled at to bring back up to that standard.



#21. Butt blocks, screws, likely some mastic in the seams, primer and paint.



If that level of localized decay is the worst at her age, then these seasoned hands will get this done as well now that some of last year's darkness has lifted a bit. How many folks have built boats, maintained or restored them without outside distractions unexpectedly draining spoken for energy, strength, schedule away, unavoidable, serious, no evasive maneuvers possible. And then gradually get back into the project, here indeed the worthy cause of bringing back to fine condition what unarguably is by now a classic, with the equivalent of matching numbers so essential in car restoration.

So, how many Egg Harbor 31 hulls may be left out there? In what shape? These owners are pursuing that history, leveraging the internet and Egg Harbor owners groups. This one, with this particular layout, may be only one of seven ever built, so they've come to think. Who knows?

Phil would, and should, be gratified to still find her in decent shape six decades later,

clearly loved by certifiable boat nuts/ever so mobile nautical art aficionados, here dealing with an exceedingly rare piece, making a limited series 500 copies only super car look much less remarkable.

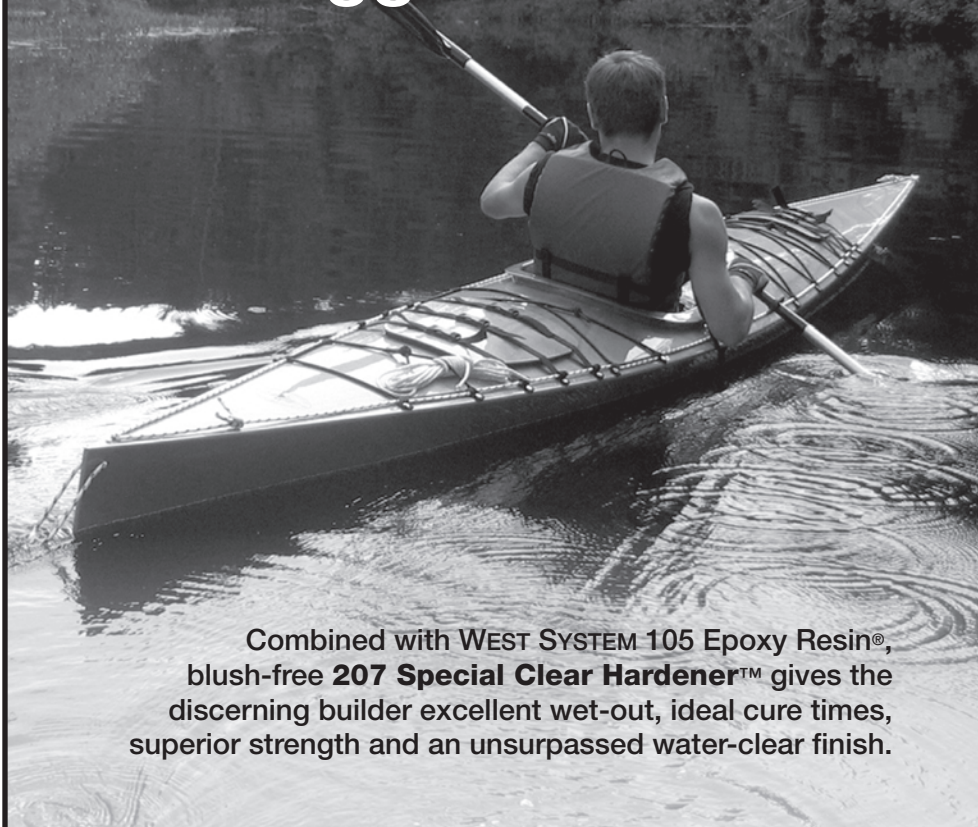
I sure am eager to do Part 4 of this series of pieces about the Egg Harbor 31 some time

in 2020 when she'll show off, pose, impress in all sorts of light, land and sea scapes, weather conditions, speeds and maneuvers. When you see her coming next year, just feast on her as a very functional art object, and as a well cared for family member of these lucky folks here.



I look forward to seeing her next year looking this spectacular, with a 60+ years old set of aesthetic choices first by Phil's eyes via India Ink on vellum, then with paper copies on the shop floor at Egg Harbor to produce in 3-D this hard to hide piece of public art with furniture quality wood grain varnished, along with contrasting elements of paint, hardware, folks aboard and flags, perhaps a dog, all good to do 20 knots at will. Seems highly likely that, as before already, she will attract the eyes of a lot of boaters out there again, an apparition from a long time ago and yet looking fresh, bright, smooth, distinctive. One could dream up a fine Victory Tour itinerary lasting well beyond 2020.

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iSelf on *Britannia*, Sydney Harbor Racing Skiff:

The book, *The Blue-water Bushmen*, *The Colourful Story of Australia's Best an Boldest Boatmen*, by Bruce Stannard, describes the open skiffs, 6 to 22'.

No hiking boards in the photos.

The class kicked off in 1892 by Mark Foy, a businessman who was disappointed that local sailing attracted practically no public interest. He realized the reason; that racing was over a 12-mile course, out of sight for up to 2 hours. His idea was:

1. Racing must be exciting and faster.
2. Boats had to be colorful and easily identified by a graphic on the sails.
3. Races line-to-line (no handicapping).

The first of the 18-footers was an open, centerboard boat with a very light hull, an 8-foot (2.4m) beam and only 30 inches (76cm) amidships. It carried a crew of 14 and had a huge spread of sail for sensational aquaplaning speed downwind.

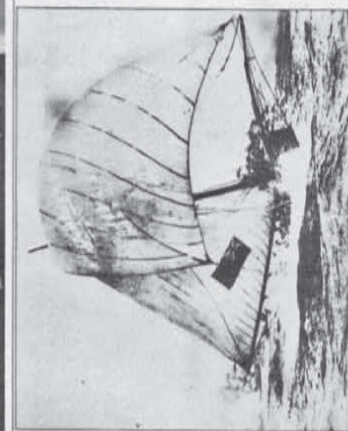
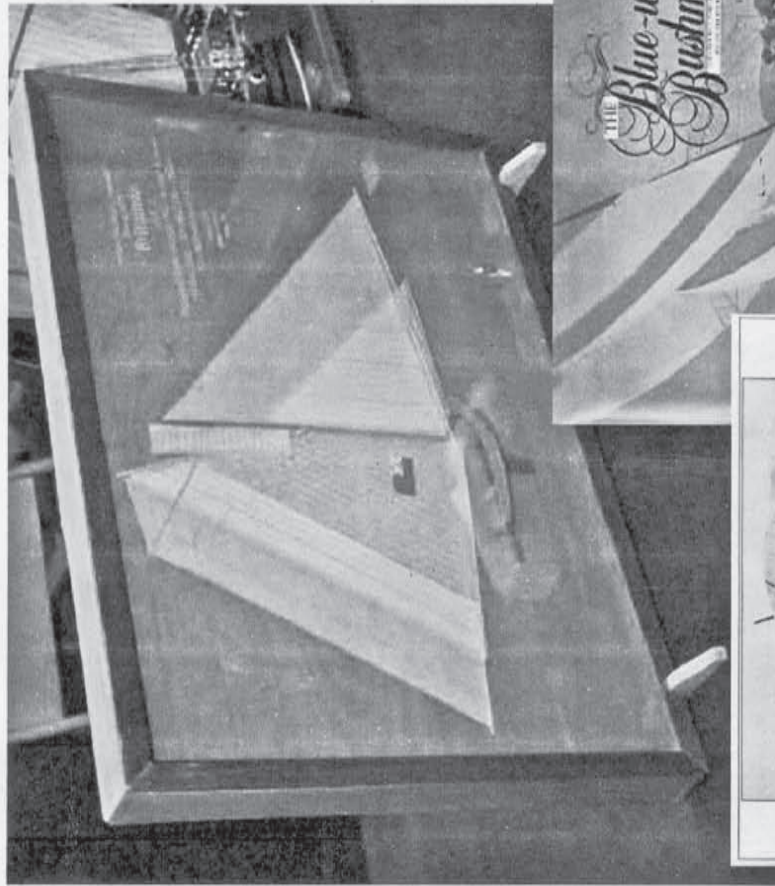
The boats had a colorful emblem on its mainsail although today the emblem is almost exclusively the logo of a corporate sponsor.

Foy tried to enter his boats with the Anniversary Regatta Committee of 1892, but was rejected, as the committee believed that "such badges were not in keeping with the dignity of the oldest regatta in the southern hemisphere." Foy started his own regatta "to give the public what it wanted." Hugely successful!

One of the most famous boats was *Britannia*, built by her owner-skipper 'Wee' Georgie Robinson in 1919, and raced on Sydney Harbour for more than 20 years. She was built from 0.5-inch cedar planks, had a 7.5-foot beam and was 2.3 feet deep. She carried approximately 3,200 square feet of sail and 11-15 crewmen. Sails included main, ringtail, tops'l, balloonier, water sail and spinnaker.

This model is one of the first of my rigged halves. Sails were laser-printed on adhesive paper and applied. More recently I print the entire field with sails and apply half spars.

For some reason I made a plug, then plaster mold and cast a hull, before deciding to just carve the hull.



Britannia under sail. I'll say!

This is the first of my rigged halves. Sails were laser-printed on adhesive paper and applied. More recently I print the entire field with sails and apply half spars. For some reason I made a plug, then plaster mold and cast a hull, before deciding to just carve the hull.

Night sailing can be wonderful with the right conditions, clear skies and a light wind away from the land lights are “just the thing.” One of the considerations while boating at night is lights, navigational, running and anchor. In any sea condition, running lights can be missed because of their location on the boat. While the Coast Guard has requirements for visibility, they are seldom met on the water. On a sailboat, masthead light configuration is one means of getting more visibility. However, according to a study I read years ago, most people only see about 20’ above the horizon at night. Thus, your masthead running lights may be seen early but then can be missed unless those looking for other boats look up as well as out.

Depth perception can also be a problem at night. One night, as the race committee boat, we were almost hit by one of the boats in the race as they came up toward the finish line. They saw our anchor light but did not realize how close they were until I shone our spotlight down the anchor rode off the bow of our boat. The person on the bow looking at us shouted, “Fall off!” The helmsperson did so and they went by us rather closely at full hull speed. After the race was over and everyone was back at the post race party, the skipper came up to apologize as he did not realize how close they were until I shone the spotlight on the anchor rode.

What to do when is another aspect of night sailing. Usually there is time between seeing something on the water and getting near the object. This is not always the case at night. We were in a night race around Dog Island. The west end of the island has a channel that had lighted and unlighted floating navigational aids. The forward lookout, as we approach this channel, was told to shout back which way to turn the boat away from the aid if we might collide with that aid. We did not worry about trimming the sheets if the lookout shouted “Port” or “Starboard,”



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

the person at the helm turned the boat and we sorted out the sail trim after the fact. If it is understood by all that the lookout will call the direction to go to avoid the danger, there is much less confusion.

We also tacked the Ranger 26 along the backside of the island (shoals on both sides of the channel) with the helmsperson to turn toward the channel if the keel touched (no depth sounder on board). We would all feel the keel touch and started the sail tack even as the boat started the turn. Not the best way to do things but it worked!

Then there is getting back in after the enjoyable outing. Finding the lighted navigational aids with all the lights onshore can be a challenge. For many years our local channel was “marked” by the Coast Guard Auxiliary’s radio tower. Given the height of the tower, it had blinking lights about halfway up and at the top. One simply got south of the tower and headed north for the channel entrance that was directly south of the tower. Not quite a range marker setup but it worked. When the Auxiliary moved their station and tower that navigational aid no longer existed. However, by then the GPS accuracy was such that the now (sometimes) lighted channel entrance marker could be found in most circumstances.

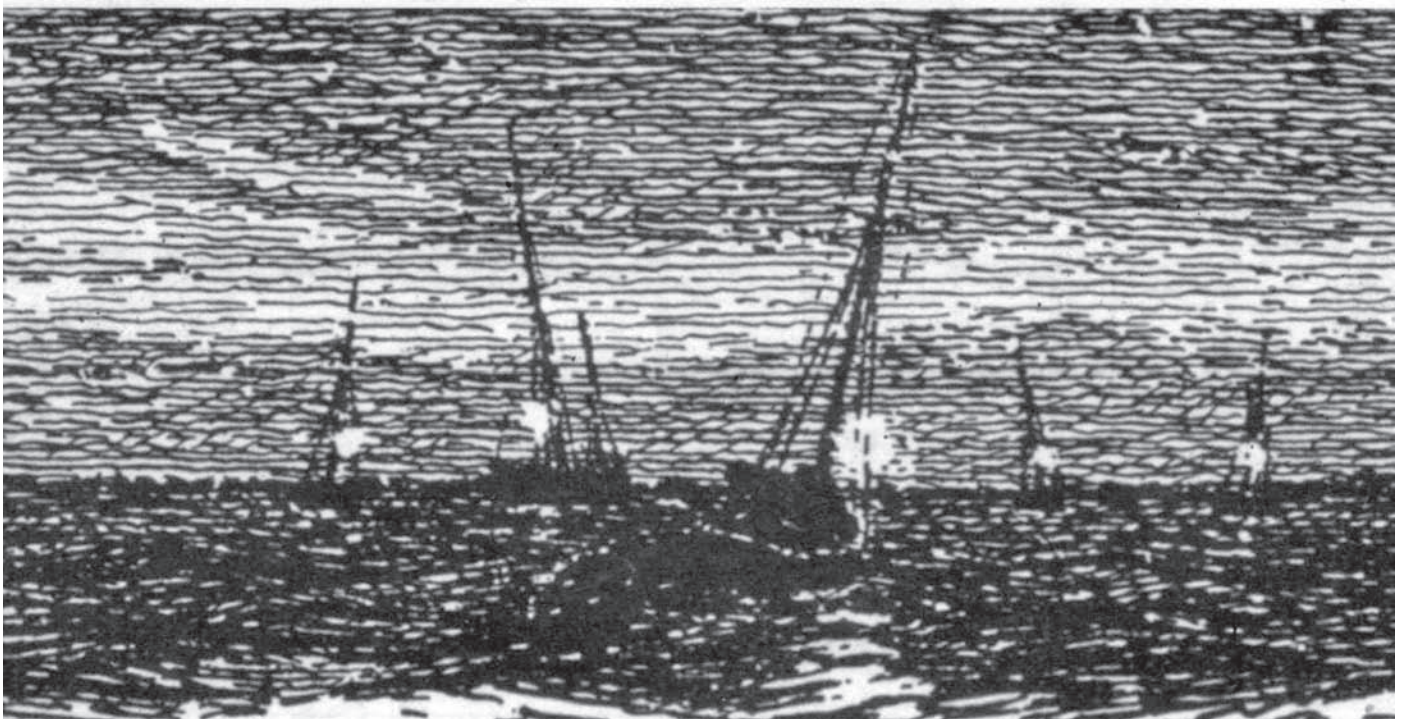
While out for a day on the bay you might see an electric powered jetboard coming by with the rider standing up controlling the “vessel” with a handheld waterproof device.

Given all the other craft on the water, a board and rider doing up to 27 knots is probably right up there with the personal watercraft we see these days. Of course, with a base price of just under \$11,500 I doubt if I will see any in the Apalachee Bay region of Florida, but who knows. The advertising photo shows the person without a life jacket or crash helmet. Hitting the water at any speed is not a good idea, let alone at above 20 knots.

I was talking with one of the subcontractors working on our house who does a lot of fishing. He had a fiberglass boat that had a hull split from going through the waves. They got the boat back to shore with a lot of bailing. A friend of his suggested he should carry some flexible bulky sealer on board. The friend carries one of the woven waxed rings that are used to seal a commode to the floor around the drain for the commode. He says that you can cut off a section and stuff it in the opening with some backing to hold it in place while you carefully head back to shore.

No idea if this would work with an opening of any size, but I did use bubble gum and Red Cross adhesive tape to patch leaking rivet holes in aluminum canoes. Put in the chewed bubble gum to fill the hole and tape on both sides to hold the gum. The old Red Cross adhesive tape seemed to hold no matter what it was put on.

Another non nautical trick to get water out of a boat is a 25’ roll of 1” diameter garden water hose. Stick one end in the bilge and drop the other end over the stern (have it secured somewhere along the way). The suction of the water moving past the hose will pull the water out of the bilge with any boat speed. When done, pull the hose back aboard to avoid a reverse suction. Our Fireball had Elvstrom bailers in the bottom on both sides of the centerboard trunk. When sailing, we opened the bailers and the water was removed by the suction. Of course, we closed the bailers when not moving!



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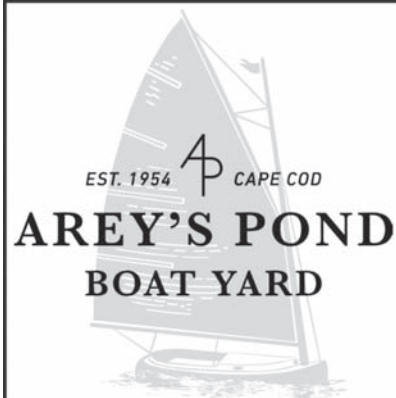
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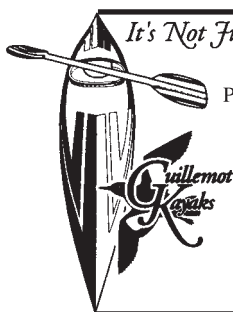
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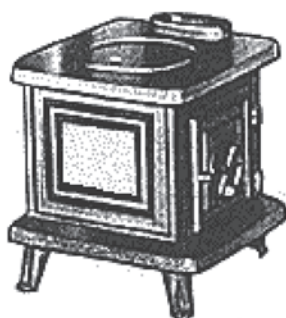
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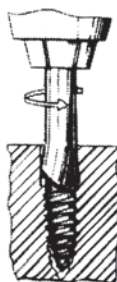
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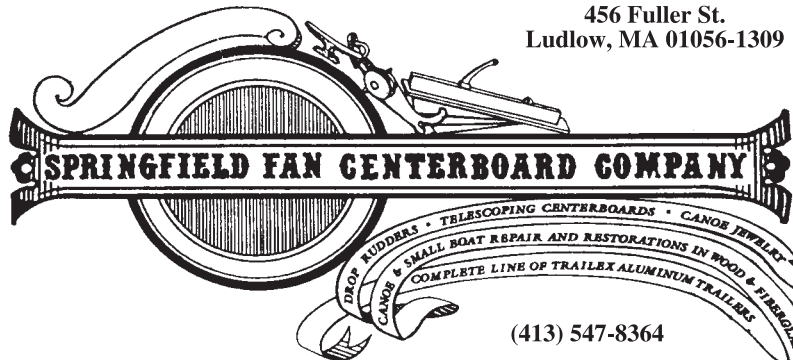
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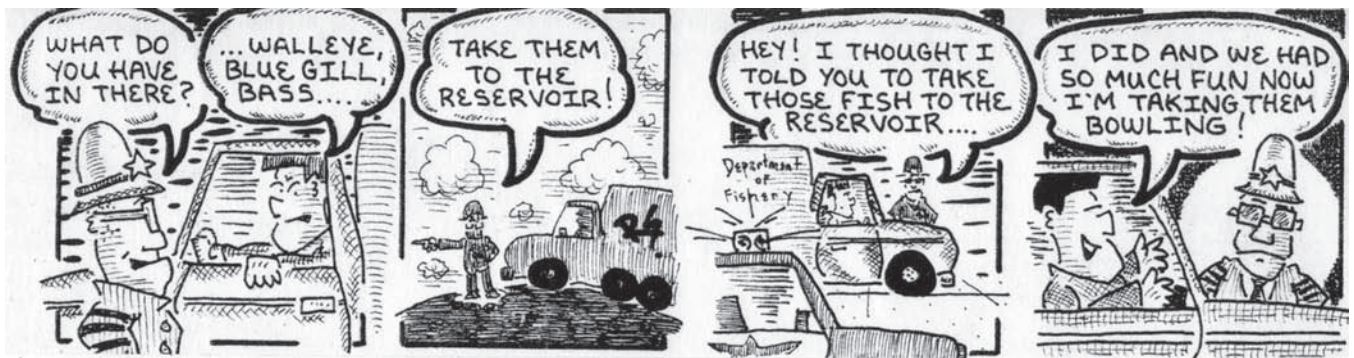
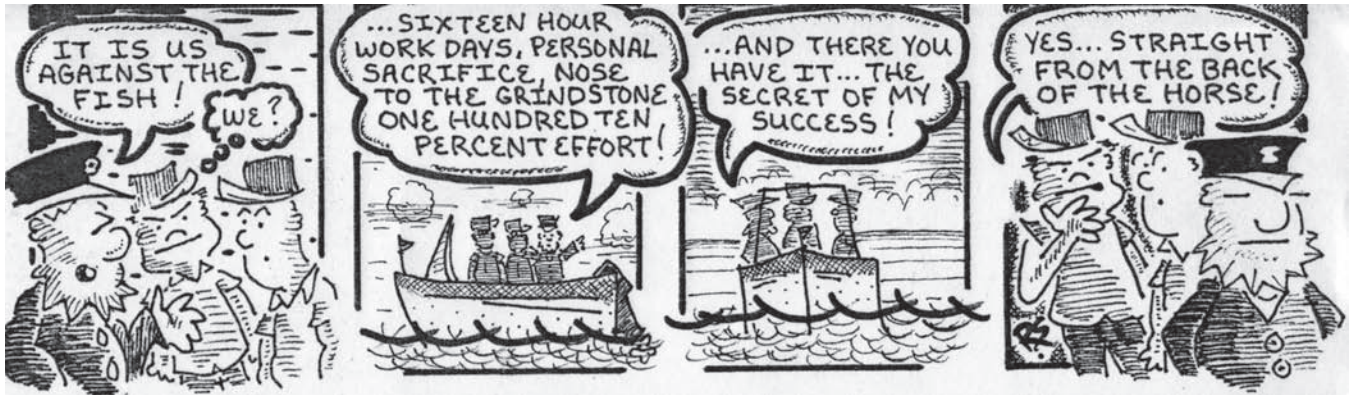
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Justin just sent me an e-mail. "We were laying up a boat when Ian took a call. The caller referred to the time you told the President of U.S. Rowing that "our boats are the fastest in the world". I figured you could give me some insight as to what he's talking about. // I responded, "Guilty as charged. It was at the US Rowing convention in Philadelphia. Our display was in the ballroom of a downtown hotel. I posted a sign: "Our Boats Are the Fastest in the World." On the few occasions when asked, I'd explain, "3/4ths of the world is water. Lets get a globe, spin it and randomly select 10 rowing sites. How many races do you think your boats would win?" // "None," was the universal answer.

During the course of the show a mother and daughter several times caressed our boats. Several times they said, "Dad would love these boats, he just has to see them." // Later in the day a man walked towards me, big smile, hand outstretched, "Hi, I'm Dad." // He was Monk Terry, then the President of US Rowing and the Chair of the US Olympic Rowing Committee. In the course of our conversation he said, "You're doing the Miami Boat Show, right?"

I said it was too far from home. Monk said, "You HAVE to do Miami. We live in Coconut Grove, just a couple of miles away. You can stay in our guest house. You REALLY have to do this show."

Which led to a 10 year romance with the Miami Boat Show. As a booth fee we gave them one of our Pack Boats, they put it on display at the entrance to the show. Also, on their website, on commercials and in the program.. It would be a prize in their photo contest. Also, Cathy Johnston, the director of the show, actually bought one of our kits for her ex-father-in-law. I delivered kit to him on my way to Miami a few years later.

As a result of meeting Monk and the rowing community in Philadelphia I was invited to one of their Christmas parties at one of the rowing clubs on the Schuylkill. "Oh, and could you bring that boat along?" ...pointing to our wooden boat. // I said, "Sure," but I must have had a puzzled look on my face. "We have a tradition of rowing Santa down the Schuylkill. And our boats are too tippy for that."

That's my story and I'm' sticking to it. David

